No. 3 JANUARY 14

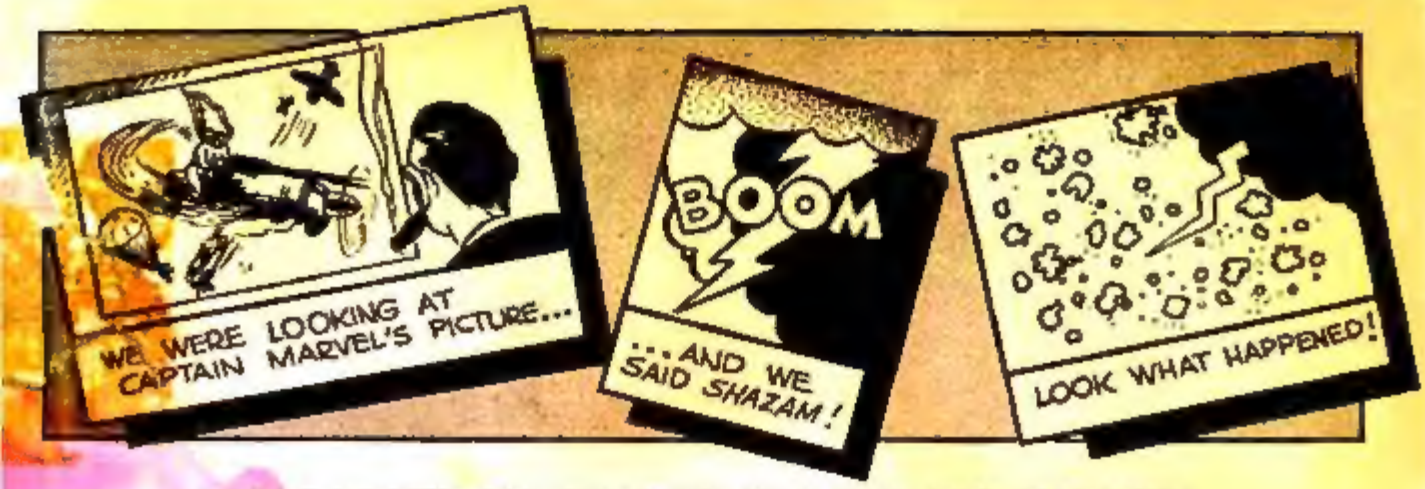
BULLETMAN

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

64 ACTION-FILLED PAGES
Featuring—
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!
***Stars of* MASTER COMICS**

GM



SO WE PACKED ALL THE PIECES IN A BOX AND MADE THE

CAPTAIN MARVEL PICTURE PUZZLE

A JIG-SAW TREAT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

Above is a miniature reproduction of this giant puzzle that means plenty of entertainment for all the family. When you put the interlocking pieces together they form a full-color, 13½ inch by 18 inch action picture of your favorite Whiz Comics hero. The Captain Marvel Picture Puzzle can be worked over and over again without wearing out. It'll be a swell game for long winter evenings!

25¢ CAPTAIN MARVEL PICTURE PUZZLE AT NEWSSTANDS • AT STATIONERS 25¢

NOW ON SALE!

Vol. 1, No. 3. January 14

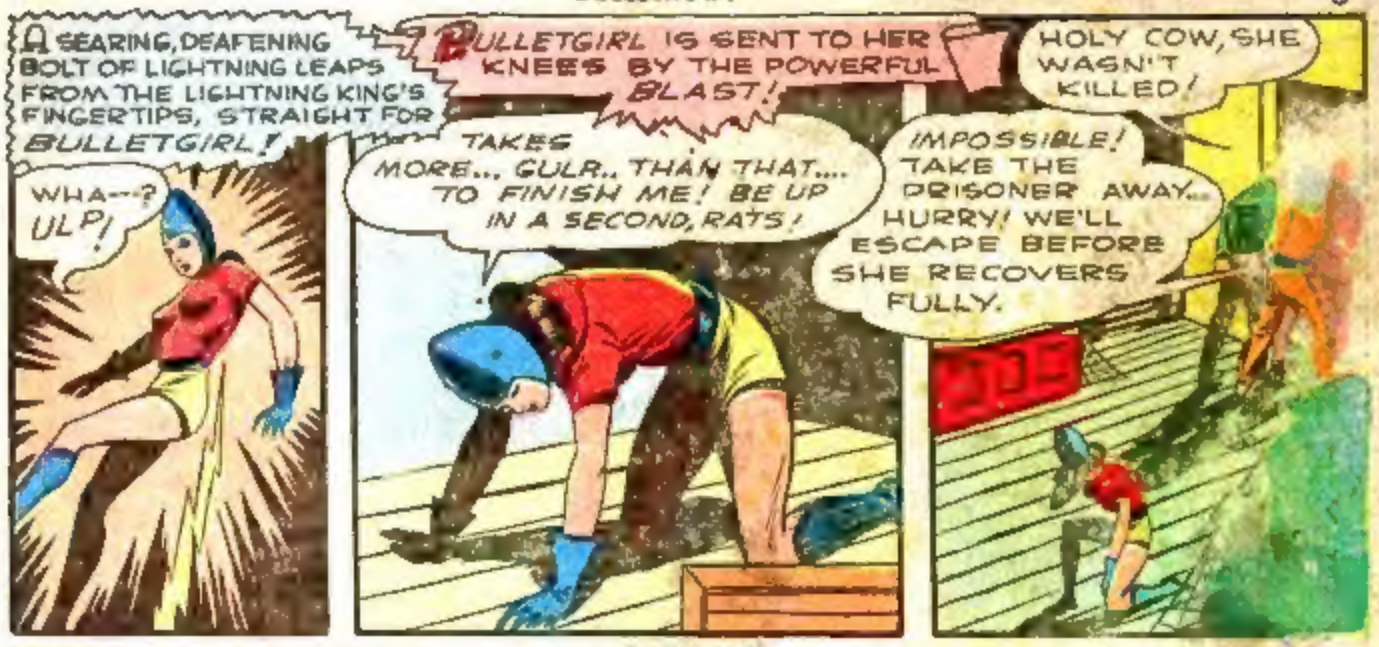
BULLETMAN is published bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1100 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Application for second-class entry at Louisville, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879, pending. Additional entry applied for at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1941 by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Reprinting in whole or part forbidden unless by permission of the publisher. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 1.40 per year in the United States and possessions; Foreign subscriptions $1.50; Canadian subscriptions are not accepted. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York City. Printed in U. S. A.

GM

OUT OF A CLEAR, BLUE SKY.....
NUMBER ONE, HA, HA, HA!
EVENING STANDARD
AIRLINER WRECKED BY LIGHTNING!!
AMONG LIST OF PASSENGERS WERE.....
At police headquarters, Sergeant Kent, Susan and Jim Barr read the shocking news.
RODNEY B KENT AMONG THE DEAD ANY RELATION, SARGE?
JUST A DISTANT COUSIN, THROUGH AN OLD KENTUCKY FAMILY.
POLICE HEADQUARTERS? I'M NEXT, I'M NEXT, I TELL YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU GABBLING ABOUT MAN?
HERE, READ THIS THREAT NOTE, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!
You are next to feel my wrath, GEORGE L. KENT!
Lightning King
YOU READ OF MY BROTHER, ROD KENT, KILLED IN THE AIRLINER CRASH. IT WAS MURDER, NOT AN ACCIDENT. ALL THOSE WITH THE NAME OF KENT ARE DOOMED...DOOMED!

TUSH, MAN! MY NAME IS KENT, TOO--AND YOU SEE I'M NOT WORRIED. SOMEONE'S PLAYING A PRACTICAL JOKE ON YOU.
G-GOSH, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! WELL, SO LONG.
ER--SEE YOU LATER, JIM!
SOME PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF THEIR OWN SHADOWS... HRRRUMPH! LIGHTNING KING, BOSH!
Alone, SUSAN MAKES A QUICK CHANGE...
SINCE I'M A DISTANT RELATIVE OF THOSE KENTS, I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS...
MEANWHILE, THE RECENT VISITOR--GEORGE L. KENT--- MAKES HIS WAY HOMEWARD.....
...AS BULLETGIRL! JIM WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED, I'M SURE.
MAYBE I WAS SILLY AFTER ALL, JUST A JOKE..... BAD NERVES I HAVE--
And SOON, IN AN UNDERWORLD DEN...
I RECOGNIZE YOU. YOU'RE BUGS JONKER, THE UNDERWORLD GANG CHIEF. WHYD YA GRAB ME?
Suddenly...
HEY,...I...
SHUT UP, YOU-OR DIS GUN GOES OFF!
YOU'LL FIND OUT, SONNY BOY! DIDJA THINK DAT THREAT NOTE WAS A JOKE?
THEN YOU'RE TH YOU'RE THE LIGHTNING KING!

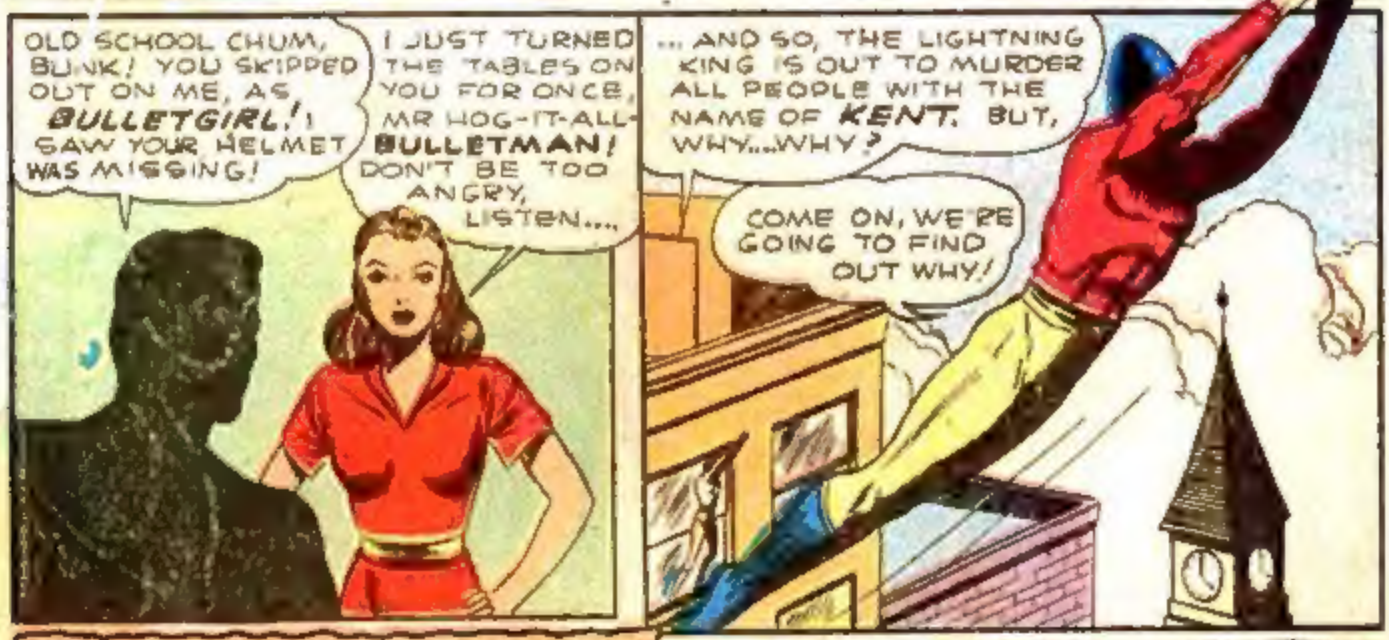
NO—I'M LIGHTNING KING! BUGS JONKER IS MERELY MY HIRED HELPER.
PREPARE TO DIE, KENT! KENT, KENT, KENT!..... HOW I HATE THAT NAME!
NO, NO! DON'T KILL ME! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
BUT ANOTHER FIGURE WATCHES THE OMINOUS SCENE..... BULLETGIRL HAS FOLLOWED!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE NAME KENT? IT'S MI... ER... I MEAN, IT'S AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER!
HEY, WHO'S DAT?
BULLETGIRL!
SHOOT HER DOWN! WADDYA WAITIN' FOR? DAT DAME'S POISION!
YOU SAID IT, RAT!
AS FOR YOUR GUNS, HERE'S WHAT BULLETGIRL THINKS OF THEM!
STAND BACK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MEDDLER!
G-M

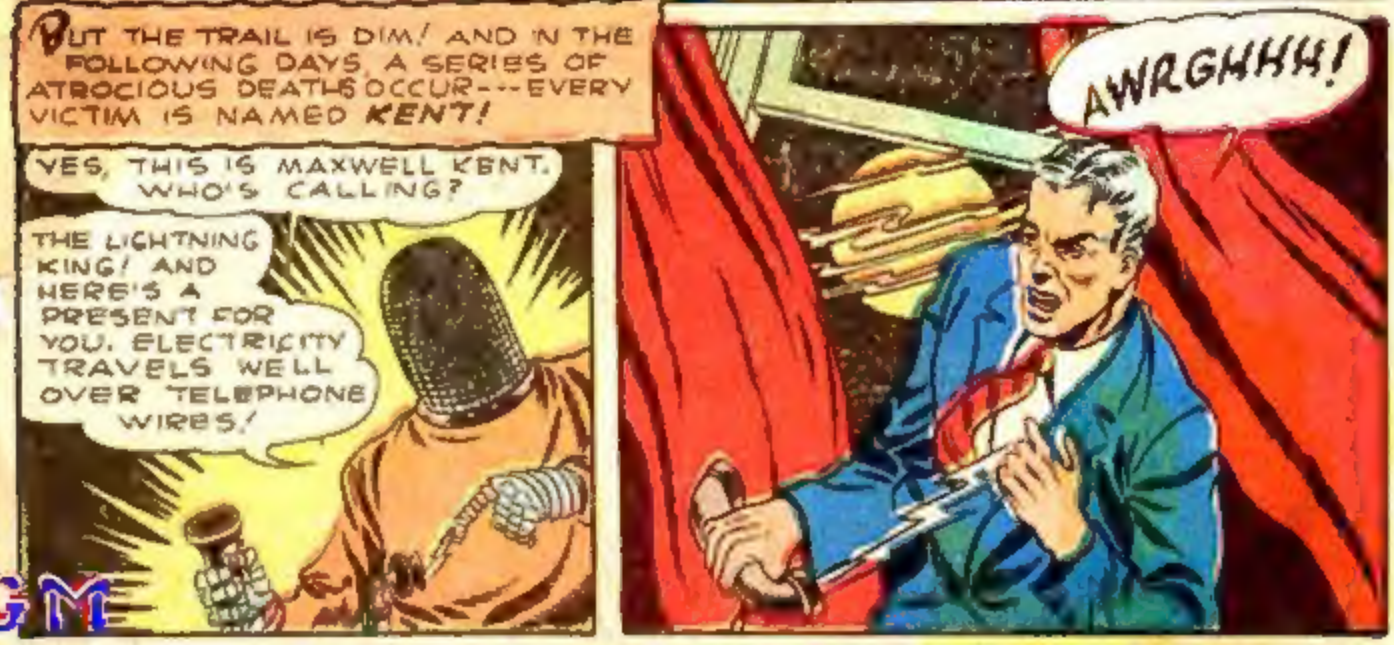

A SEARING, DEAFENING BOLT OF LIGHTNING LEAPS FROM THE LIGHTNING KING'S FINGERTIPS, STRAIGHT FOR BULLETGIRL!
WHA---? ULP!
BULLETGIRL IS SENT TO HER KNEES BY THE POWERFUL BLAST!
TAKES MORE... GULP.. THAN THAT.... TO FINISH ME! BE UP IN A SECOND, RATS!
HOLY COW, SHE WASN'T KILLED!
IMPOSSIBLE! TAKE THE PRISONER AWAY... HURRY! WE'LL ESCAPE BEFORE SHE RECOVERS FULLY.

A MOMENT LATER, BULLETGIRL CLEARS HER DAZED EYES.
GROAN! GROAN!
EVERYONE'S GONE! .... BUT WHAT'S THAT GROAN?
A CHAINED PRISONER THEY LEFT BEHIND!
GET ME OUT OF HERE! BREAK THESE CHAINS, PLEASE... OH, YOU'RE ONLY A GIRL!
ONLY A GIRL, EH? WATCH!
SNAP!
WHA---? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THANK YOU, YOU'RE KIND. MY NAME IS ...ER... WILLIS KENT, PROFESSOR WILLIS KENT. THE LIGHTNING KING, WHOEVER HE IS, CAUGHT ME TOO. I DON'T KNOW WHY. I NEVER HARMED ANYBODY IN MY LIFE!
ANOTHER KENT! THERE'S SOME DEEP MYSTERY BEHIND ALL THIS!
BYE NOW! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
I'LL FIND MY WAY OUT.

BACK TO HEADQUARTERS. HAVE TO HAVE BULLETMAN'S HELP TO SOLVE THIS RIDDLE!
SERGEANT KENT AND JIM BARR HEAR THE NEWS OVER THE RADIO.
CALLING ALL CARS! GEORGE L. KENT REPORTED MISSING! HEIGHT, SIX FEET, BLUE EYES, TWEED SUIT...
GREAT SCOTT! THAT WAS THE MAN WHO WAS HERE BEFORE, WASN'T IT? SO THAT THREAT NOTE WAS NO JOKE!
AND THEY GOT HIM RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, SUSAN? I WANTED TO TAKE YOU TO LUNCH.
ER..I HAD LUNCH WITH AN OLD SCHOOL CHUM!
WILL YOU COME INTO THE LAB A MINUTE, SUSAN?


OLD SCHOOL CHUM, BUNK! YOU SKIPPED OUT ON ME, AS BULLETGIRL! I SAW YOUR HELMET WAS MISSING!
I JUST TURNED THE TABLES ON YOU FOR ONCE, MR HOG-IT-ALL-BULLETMAN! DON'T BE TOO ANGRY, LISTEN....
... AND SO, THE LIGHTNING KING IS OUT TO MURDER ALL PEOPLE WITH THE NAME OF KENT. BUT, WHY...WHY?
COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!


BUT THE TRAIL IS DIM! AND IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, A SERIES OF ATROCIOUS DEATHS OCCUR---EVERY VICTIM IS NAMED KENT!
YES, THIS IS MAXWELL KENT. WHO'S CALLING?
THE LIGHTNING KING! AND HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU. ELECTRICITY TRAVELS WELL OVER TELEPHONE WIRES!
AWRGHHH!

AT THE HOME OF ANOTHER HELPLESS PERSON NAMED *KENT*.....

CHARLES *KENT*, I BELIEVE? TAKE THIS!

OOOH! I'M BLIND!

POLICE FAIL TO STOP THE MAD MARAUDER.

MY GUN EXPLODED! JUMPIN' CATFISH!

HA, HA, HA!

ANOTHER VICTIM, AS A CROSS-COUNTRY BUS, BEARING A PASSENGER NAMED *KENT*.... PASSES A HIGH CLIFF.

FINALLY, AT THE LIGHTNING KING'S SECRET LABORATORY HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...

BUGS JONKER HAS BEEN OUT ROUNDING UP OTHER *KENTS* FOR ME, THAT I COULDN'T GET TO. OUGHT TO BE HERE SOON... AH, THERE'S HIS KNOCK!

KNOCK!

HERE'S TWO MORE, BOSS.

AH, GOOD... CHESTER KENT AND ROGERS KENT. WELCOME! YES, INDEED, YOU ARE WELCOME!

WHO ARE YOU?

AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THE TWO NEW PRISONERS ARE TAKEN TO JOIN OTHERS!

I'LL ANSWER THAT QUESTION COLLECTIVELY, YOU'VE ALL ASKED IT. MY NAME IS.... **JOHN WILLOUGHBY, PROFESSOR JOHN WILLOUGHBY!**

TWENTY YEARS AGO THE KENTS OF KENTUCKY TRIED TO FINISH OUR LONG FEUD BY KILLING ALL WILLOUGHBYS--JUST BECAUSE WE BURNED DOWN THE KENT PLANTATION, BUT THEY FAILED TO GET *ME*! AND NOW I'LL BLAST DOWN **ALL THE KENTS** ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, WITH MY WIZARD CONTROL OF LIGHTNING!

GM

THE HELPLESS MEN RECOIL AS THE HEARTLESS AVENGER OF A KENTUCKY FEUD SHOWS NO MERCY!
HELP! HE'S MAD!
SOMEBODY SAVE US!
NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU. PREPARE TO DIE, YOU KENT DOOS!
BUT THE CRY IS HEARD-- BY TWO RACING, POWERFUL FIGURES!
FOUND THE LIGHTNING KING'S HIDEOUT AT LAST!
WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH. LET'S SAVE THOSE POOR SOULS
HERE GOES TEN MILLION VOLTS OF LIGHTNING!
AND HERE COMES TEN MILLION VOLTS OF BULLETMAN!
AND BULLETGIRL!
STOP THEM! STOP THOSE TWO! THEY'RE SPOILING EVERYTHING!
HOW'S THIS FOR A LIGHTNING JOLT, MISTER?
I'M BUGS JONKER. I'M A BIG SHOT! YOU CAN'T DO D'S TO ME---
OOOOOF!
OUT OF MY WAY, SMALL FRY. I HAVE A DATE WITH A LIGHTNING FLASH!
NOW FOR YOU, MR ELECTRIC SHOCK!
HERE'S A DOSE OF LIGHTNING THAT'LL STOP AN EXPRESS TRAIN, BULLETMAN!

THE MASTER OF LIGHTNING HURLS A BLINDING THUNDER-BOLT WITH ENOUGH POWER TO BLAST A BATTLESHIP!
AND EVEN MIGHTY BULLETMAN CANNOT WITHSTAND THAT COLOSSAL FORCE!
OH, BULLETMAN'S HURT! THE LIGHTNING KING IS INVINCIBLE, OR CLOSE TO IT. MY BEST BET IS TO GET HELP!
MISSED! BLAST HER, SHE GOT AWAY!
UNCONSCIOUS, BULLETMAN IS DRAGGED AWAY.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT BULLETGIRL GOT AWAY. I HAVE BULLETMAN. I CAN'T KILL HIM BUT I CAN KEEP HIM PRISONER TILL MY JOB'S DONE!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET SERGEANT KENT AND HIS DAUGHTER, SUSAN. THEN I'LL WIPE OUT ALL THOSE HOUNDS NAMED KENT AT ONCE. HA!
SPEEDING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, BULLETGIRL RESUMES HER ROLE OF SUSAN KENT
DAD! ...ER BULLETMAN'S IN GRAVE DANGER! WE MUST HELP HIM!
WHAT! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? FIRST TIME I WAS ASKED TO HELP HIM. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THE OTHER WAY AROUND! HOW CAN WE HELP, THOUGH?

A FIGURE INTERRUPTS....

WELL, WE--

PARDON ME! I OVERHEARD. I THINK I CAN HELP TRAP THE LIGHTNING KING!

OH, IT'S YOU--WILLIS KENT! ER YOU SEE... BULLETGIRL TOLD ME

YES, I'M WILLIS KENT THE LIGHTNING KING'S AFTER ME TOO. BUT I KNOW A WAY TO GET HIM COME ALONG WITH ME, BOTH OF YOU

WHAT'S THE IDEA? I SHOULDN'T REALLY LEAVE--

IT'S LIFE AND DEATH, I TELL YOU, FOR ALL US KENTS!

WE BETTER GO DAD!

OUTSIDE, A TAXI IS HAILED....

HURRY, DRIVER! TAKE US TO WHIPPLE ST.

SAYS YOU, PUNK!

BUGS JONKER! NOW WE'RE SUNK! LIGHTNING KING'S GOT US!

THE PRISONERS ARE DELIVERED TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE LABORATORY.

THE LIGHTNING KING WANTS TO SEE YOU FIRST, WISE GUY, FOR TRYING TA SPOIL HIS GAME!

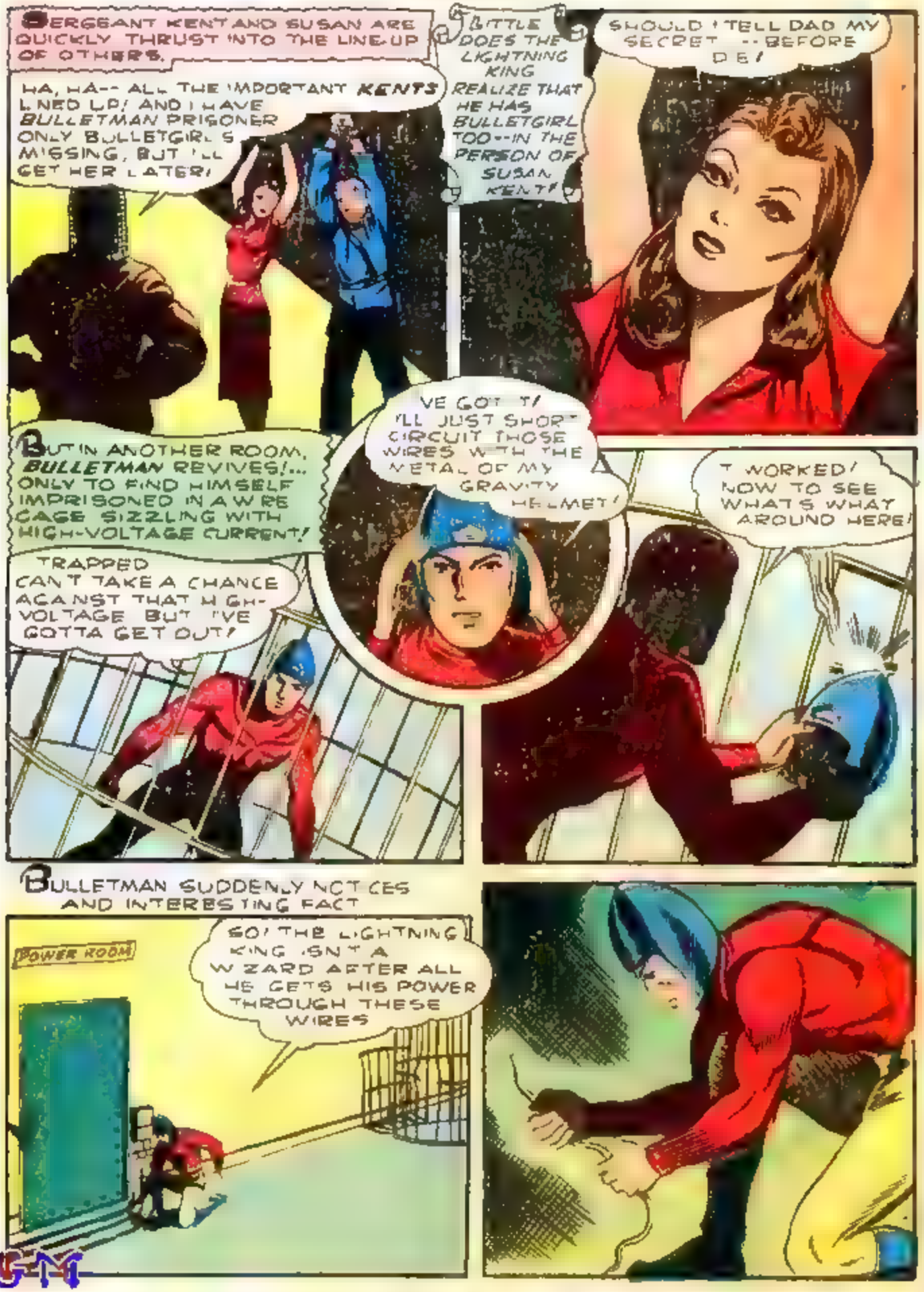
NO..... PLEASE...

WILLIS KENT MEETS A QUICK FATE!

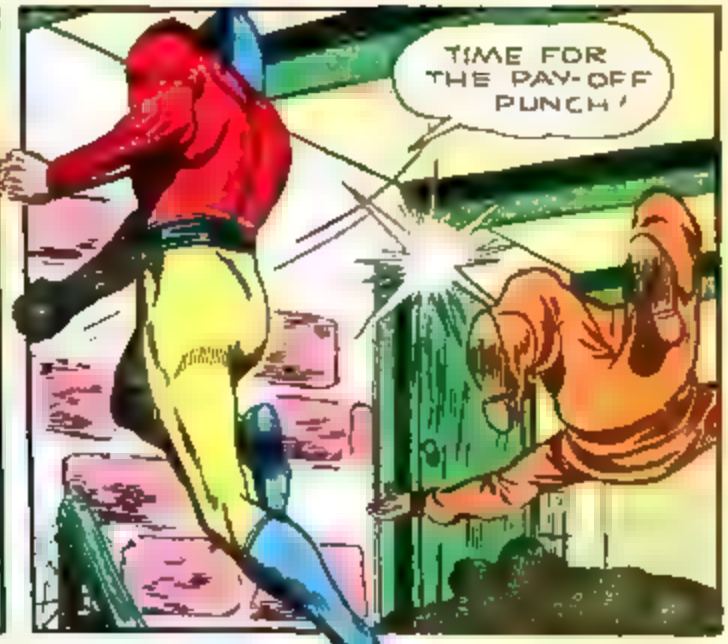
NO, NO!.... NOT THAT! AWRGHHHHH!

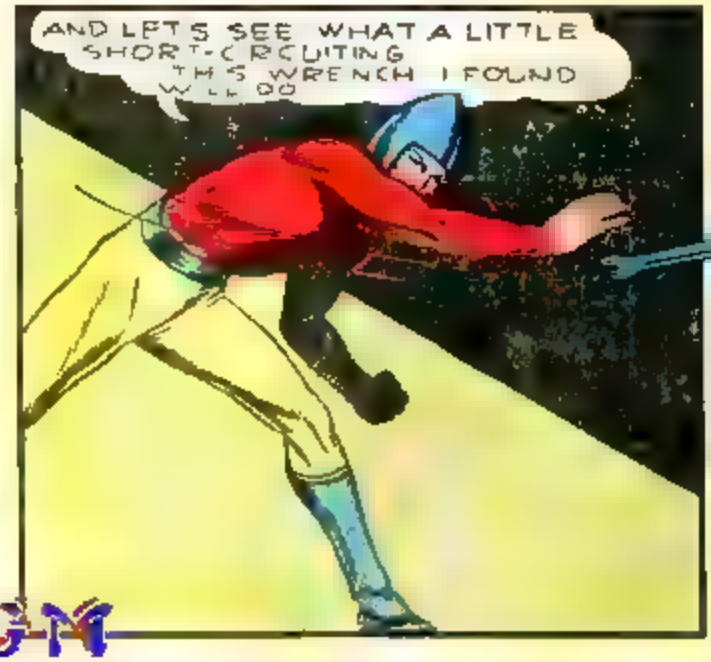
WELL, WELL, WELL! TWO MORE KENTS!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH POOR WILLIS, YOU DEVIL?

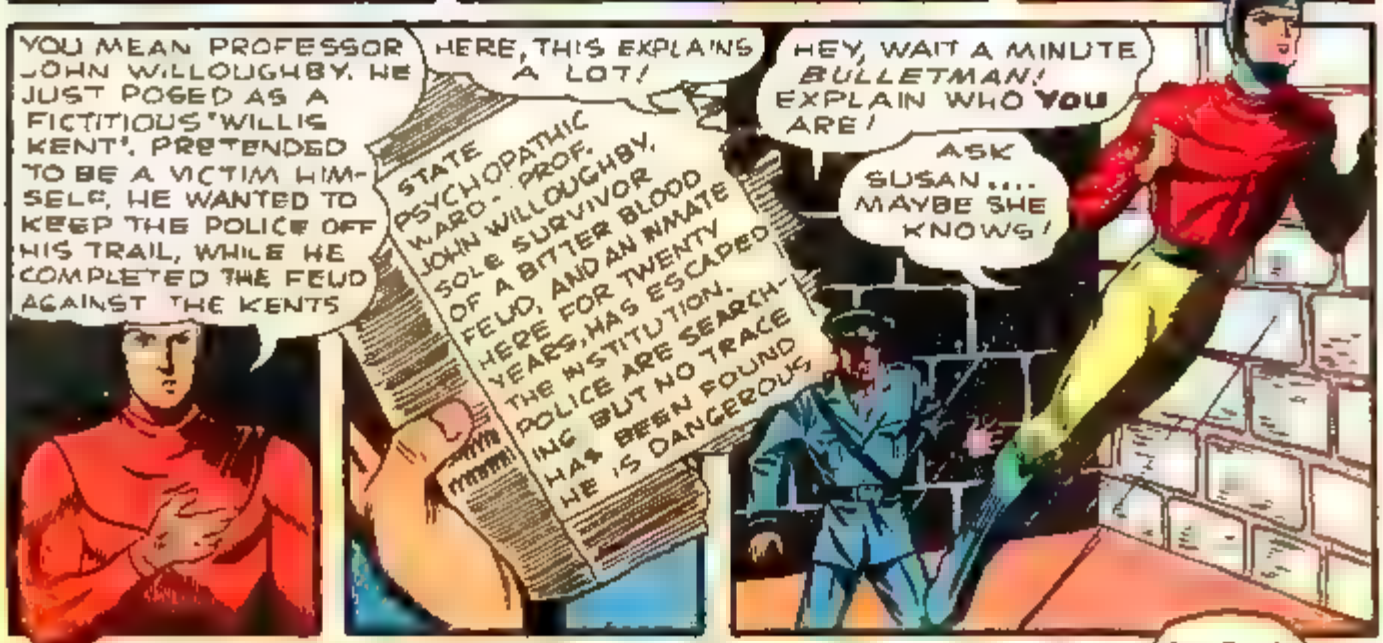

SERGEANT KENT AND SUSAN ARE QUICKLY THRUST INTO THE LINE-UP OF OTHERS.
HA, HA-- ALL THE IMPORTANT KENTS LINED UP! AND I HAVE BULLETMAN PRISONER ONLY BULLETGIRL'S MISSING, BUT I'LL GET HER LATER!
LITTLE DOES THE LIGHTNING KING REALIZE THAT HE HAS BULLETGIRL TOO--IN THE PERSON OF SUSAN KENT!
SHOULD I TELL DAD MY SECRET --BEFORE I DIE!
BUT IN ANOTHER ROOM, BULLETMAN REVIVES!... ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF IMPRISONED IN A WIRE CAGE SIZZLING WITH HIGH-VOLTAGE CURRENT!
TRAPPED CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE AGAINST THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE BUT I'VE GOTTA GET OUT!
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL JUST SHORT CIRCUIT THOSE WIRES WITH THE METAL OF MY GRAVITY HELMET!
IT WORKED! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT AROUND HERE!
BULLETMAN SUDDENLY NOTICES AN INTERESTING FACT
POWER ROOM
SO! THE LIGHTNING KING ISN'T A WIZARD AFTER ALL HE GETS HIS POWER THROUGH THESE WIRES

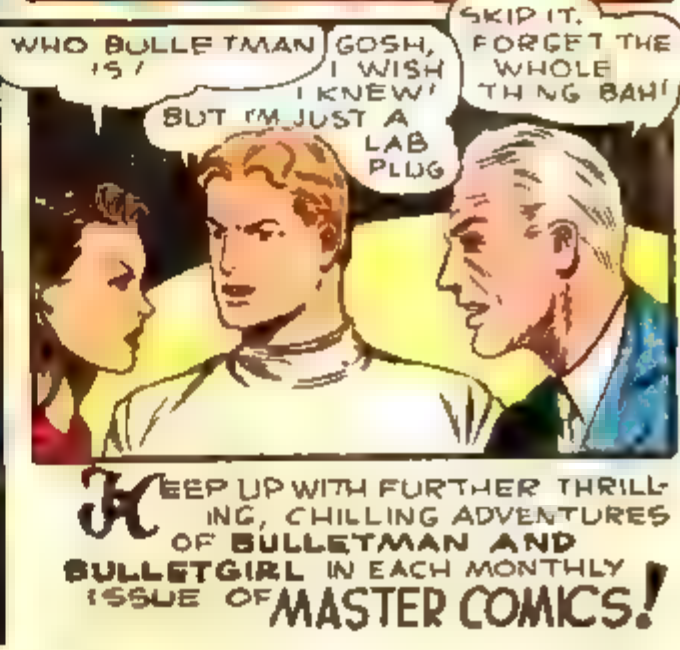
MEANWHILE, IN THE OTHER ROOM...
BOY, WATCH! IS DIS GONNA BE SOME FREWORKS WHEN DA LIGHTNING KING LET'S LOOSE ALL HE'S GOT!
WHA---? WHERE'S ALL MY POWER? I'VE BEEN TRICKED!
PFFFTT!
SHUCKS! NO FREWORKS!
DISGUSTIN', AIN'T IT?
I WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT YOU, BOYS, HOW D'YA LIKE THESE FIREWORKS?
BULLETMAN'S LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE---. ONCE IS ENOUGH!
AND HERE'S A THUNDERBOLT, JUST TO CLEAR THE AIR IN A HURRY!
BULLETMAN! HURRY SAVE US!
IN A JIFFY SUSAN!





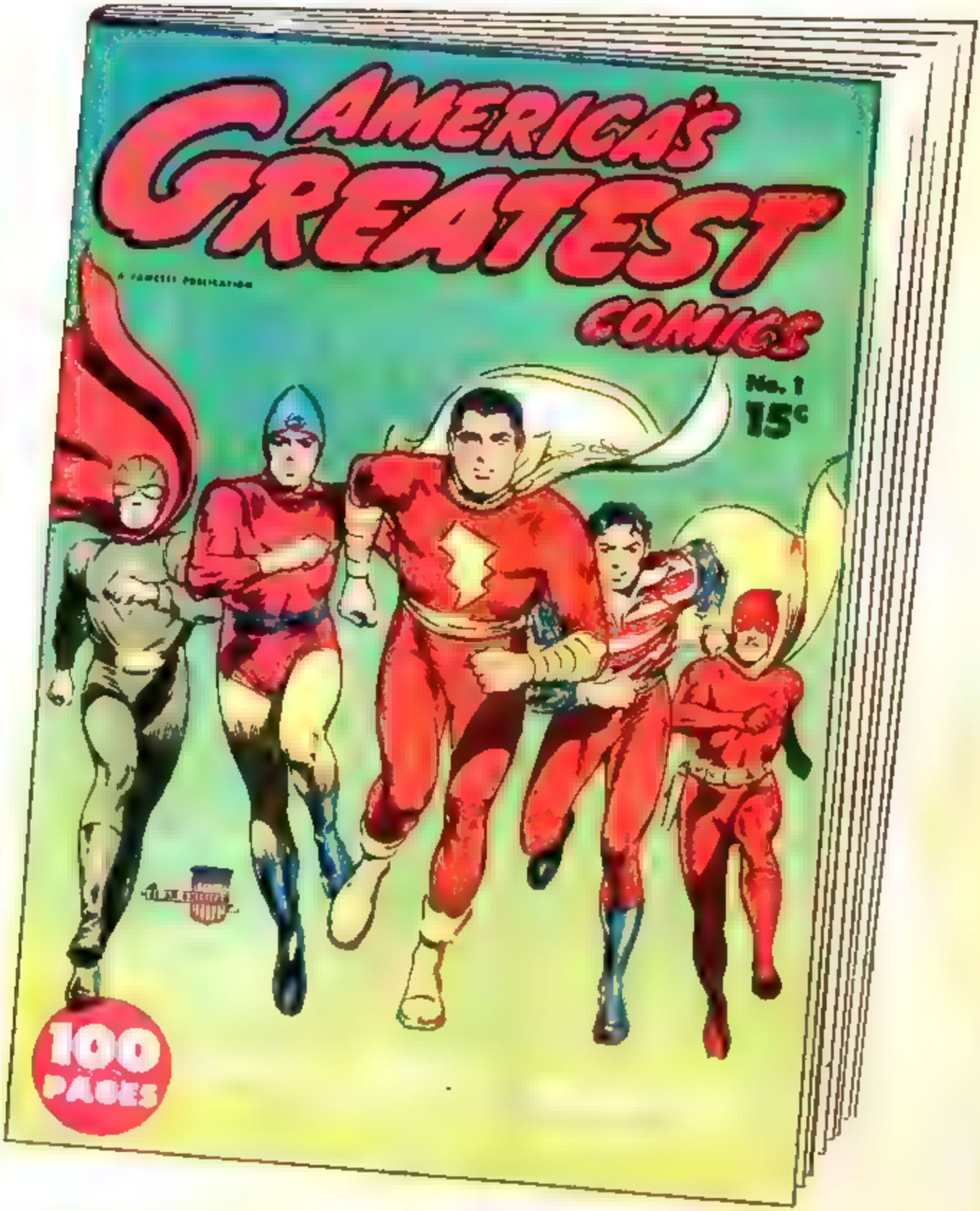
AND A RESOUNDING CLAP OF THUNDER SHAKES THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THE MOUNTAIN ON WHICH THE LABORATORY IS BUILT!





KEEP UP WITH FURTHER THRILLING, CHILLING ADVENTURES OF **BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL** IN EACH MONTHLY ISSUE OF **MASTER COMICS!**

SMASHING TO THE TOP!



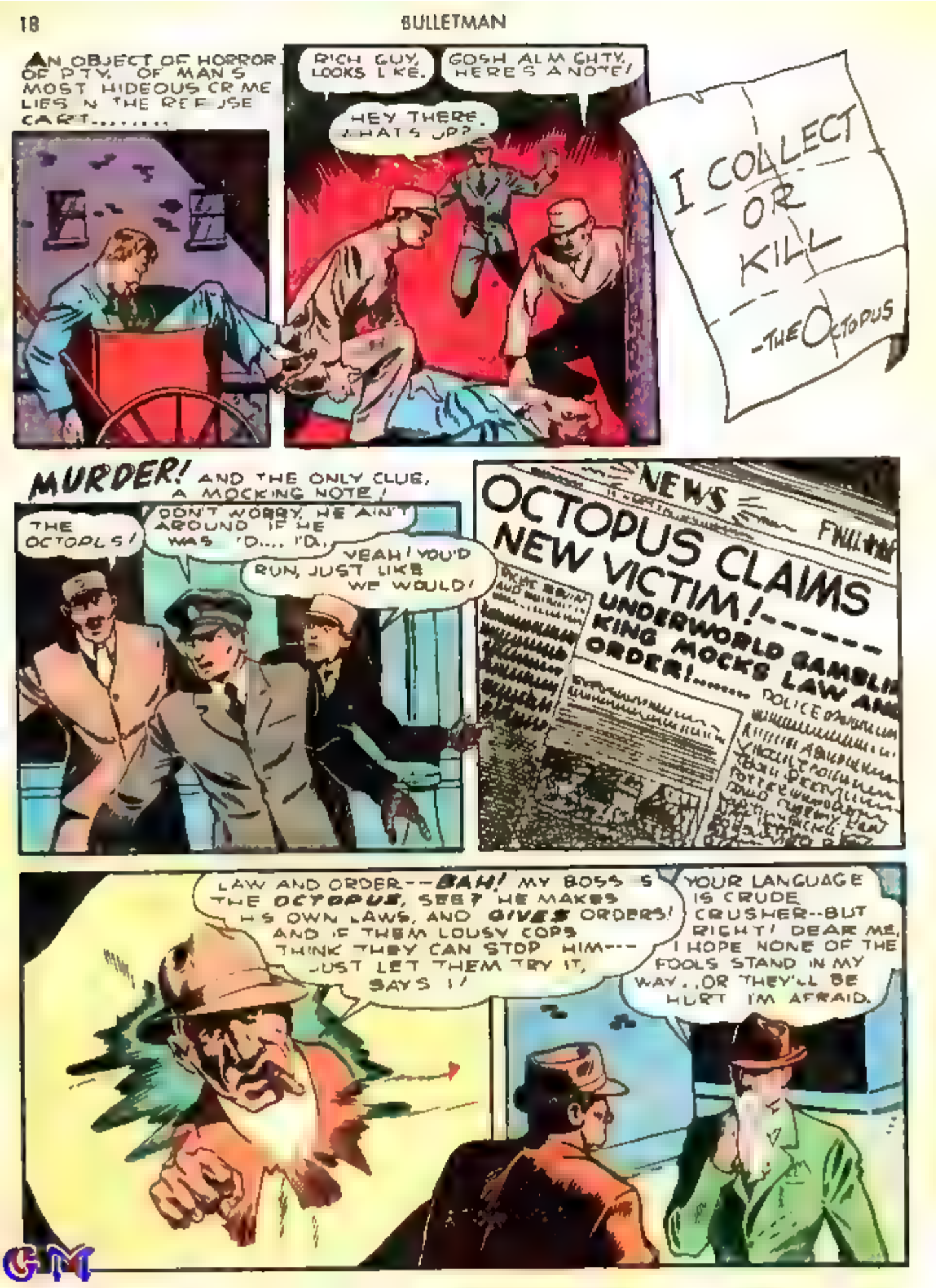
ON SALE ABOUT OCTOBER 15th

Yippee! GENE AUTRY IS IN THE COMICS!

ON SALE DEC. 31ST

GM

BULLETMAN
LIKE THE HIDEOUS CREATURE OF THE SAME NAME, THE OCTOPUS EXTENDS HIS TENTACLES OF CRIME THROUGHOUT THE METROPOLIS, AND A TIDAL WAVE OF GRINNING DEATH SWEEPS AWAY LIVES! BUT THE BIG MISTAKE OF THE OCTOPUS WAS TO MAKE A GRAB FOR BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!
STREET CLEANERS AT WORK ..... AND THE HOUR IS LATE...
OOF! THESE GUTTERS SURE ARE CLUTTERED WITH JUNK
YEAH, LIABLE TO FIND ANYTHING!
BUT LOOK, JOE! HOLY SMOKE! LOOK WHAT YOU SHOVELED UP.....


AN OBJECT OF HORROR, OF PITY, OF MAN'S MOST HIDEOUS CRIME LIES IN THE REFUSE CART.....
RICH GUY, LOOKS LIKE.
GOSH ALMIGHTY, HERE'S A NOTE!
HEY THERE. WHAT'S UP?
I COLLECT OR KILL
-THE OCTOPUS
MURDER! AND THE ONLY CLUE, A MOCKING NOTE!
THE OCTOPUS!
DON'T WORRY, HE AIN'T AROUND IF HE WAS 'D.... I'D.
YEAH! YOU'D RUN, JUST LIKE WE WOULD!
NEWS
OCTOPUS CLAIMS NEW VICTIM!------
UNDERWORLD GAMBLING KING MOCKS LAW AND ORDER!.....
LAW AND ORDER--BAH! MY BOSS IS THE OCTOPUS, SEE? HE MAKES HIS OWN LAWS, AND GIVES ORDERS! AND IF THEM LOUSY COPS THINK THEY CAN STOP HIM--- JUST LET THEM TRY IT, SAYS I!
YOUR LANGUAGE IS CRUDE, CRUSHER--BUT RIGHT! DEAR ME, I HOPE NONE OF THE FOOLS STAND IN MY WAY..OR THEY'LL BE HURT I'M AFRAID.

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS... THE NEXT DAY.

THIS MUST BE STOPPED! THIS SIMPLY **MUST** BE STOPPED

I DEMAND ACTION, SERGEANT KENT! HOW MUCH LONGER IS THIS OCTOPUS GOING TO PREY ON THE DECENT CITIZENS OF THIS CITY? HIS GAMBLING EMPIRE MUST BE SMASHED.. HEAR ME?

MR APPLEBY, THE REFORMER...

BUT.... ...BUT..!

NO, BUTS! YOU MUST ASSIGN YOUR VERY BEST MAN TO THE CASE **THE VERY BEST MAN!**

HMMM, MY VERY BEST MAN.... .YES.

YOU, JIM!

ME? WHY.. WHY... ER.. UH.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH... RATHER FRAIL STILL, SERGEANT, YOU MUST KNOW YOUR BUSINESS. GOOD DAY!

BUT, DAD.. JIM, OF ALL PEOPLE...YOU KNOW HOW FRAIL HE IS! WHY THE OCTOPUS WILL JUST LAUGH!

HA, THAT'S IT! LET THEM LAUGH. PUTTING JIM ON THE CASE IS JUST A BLIND. AND IN THE MEANTIME I'LL GET AFTER THE OCTOPUS WITH SOME ***REAL*** MEN!

LATER, ALONE AT HOME, JIM BARR PONDERS THE PUZZLING SITUATION.

NOW I'M IN A FIX! I CAN'T GO OUT ON THE CASE AS *BULLETMAN* AND JIM BARR BOTH!

WHA-- ? HEY, YOU CAN'T...

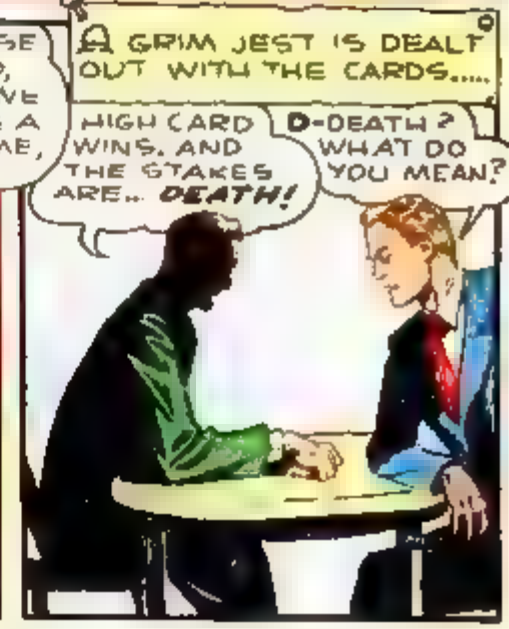
JIM BARR, EH? HAW, HAW, LOOK'T 'IM! SO YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GET THE OCTOPUS? WHAT A LAUGH!

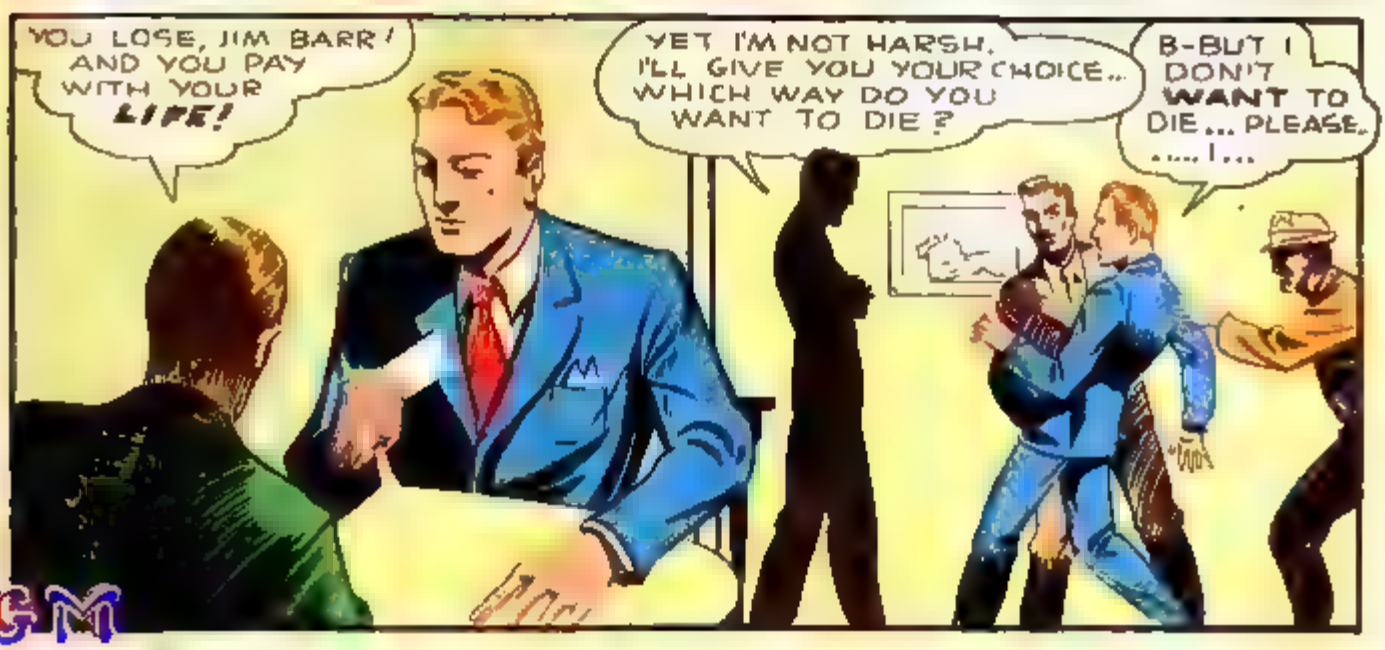
GM

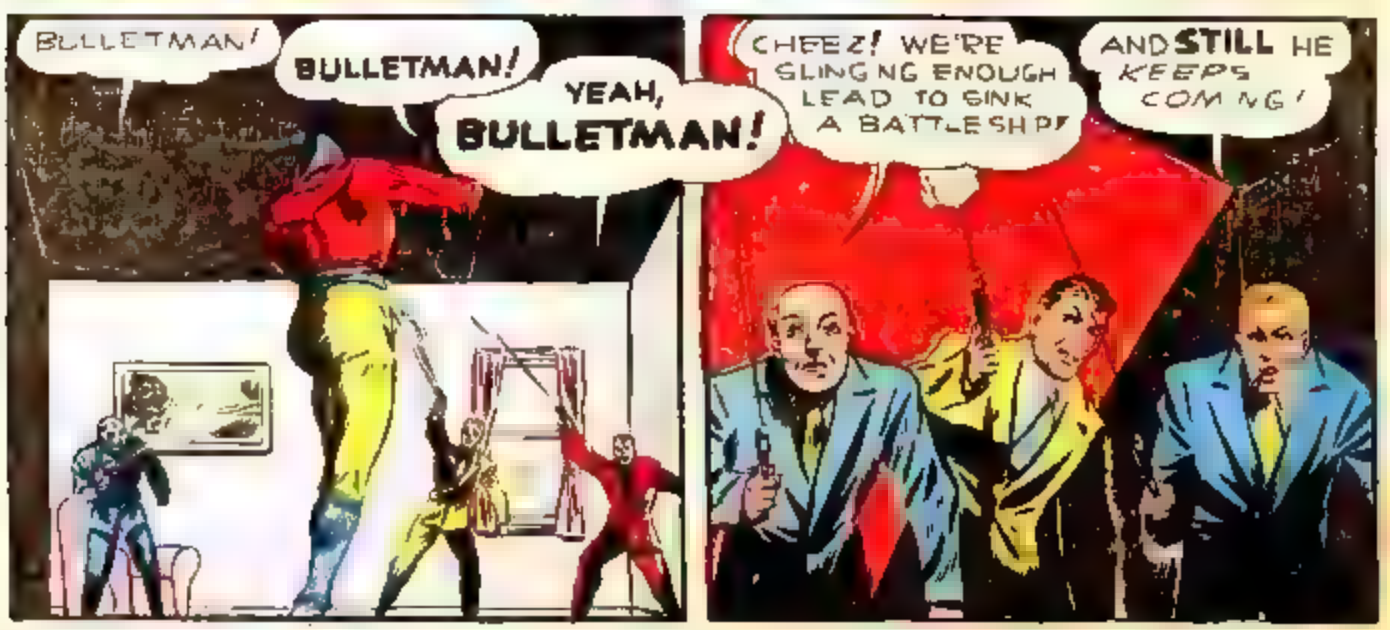
WELL, SONNY BOY, WE'LL TAKE A RIGHT TO THE OCTOPUS
UGH
BOP

LATER, AT A LAIR FROM WHICH THE INVISIBLE TENTACLES OF THE OCTOPUS STRETCH THROUGHOUT THE CITY.....

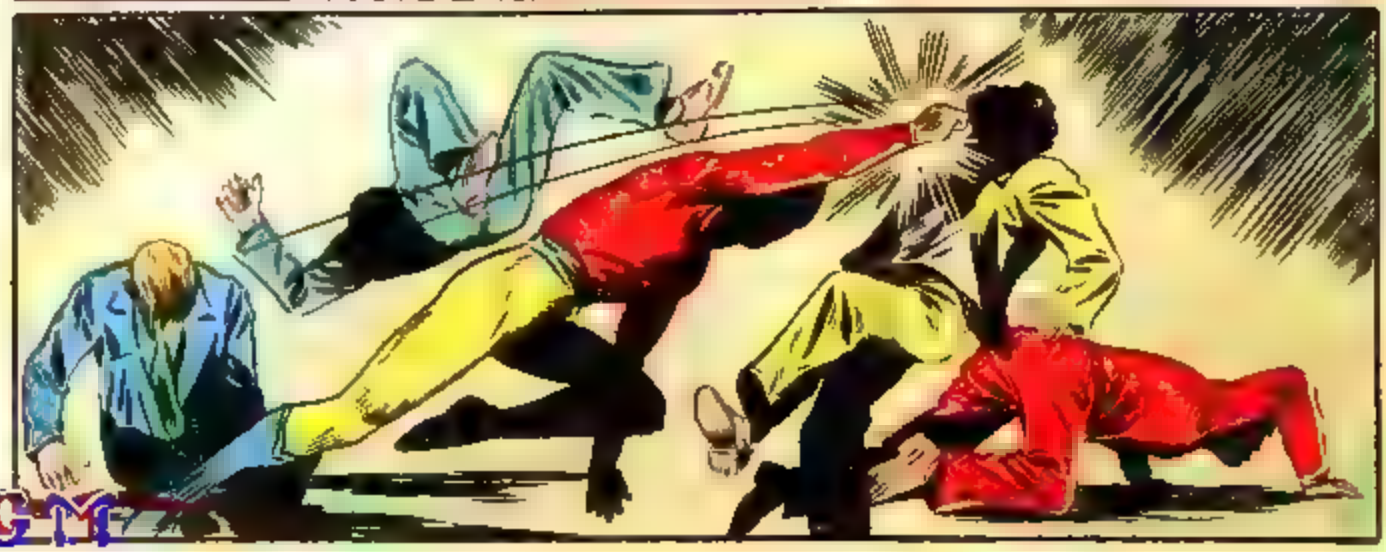
HERE'S THE OCTOPUS JIM BARR WHY DON'T YA GRAB HIM?... HAW, HAW!
GOOD WORK, CRUSHER! IT SEEMS THAT WE HAVE CAUGHT YOU, JIM BARR!
BUT PLEASE BE SEATED, MR. BARR! WE SHALL HAVE A LITTLE GAME, YOU AND I!


A GRIM JEST IS DEALT OUT WITH THE CARDS.....
HIGH CARD WINS, AND THE STAKES ARE... DEATH!
D-DEATH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


YOU LOSE, JIM BARR! AND YOU PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!
YET I'M NOT HARSH. I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR CHOICE... WHICH WAY DO YOU WANT TO DIE?
B-BUT I DON'T WANT TO DIE... PLEASE.....!...



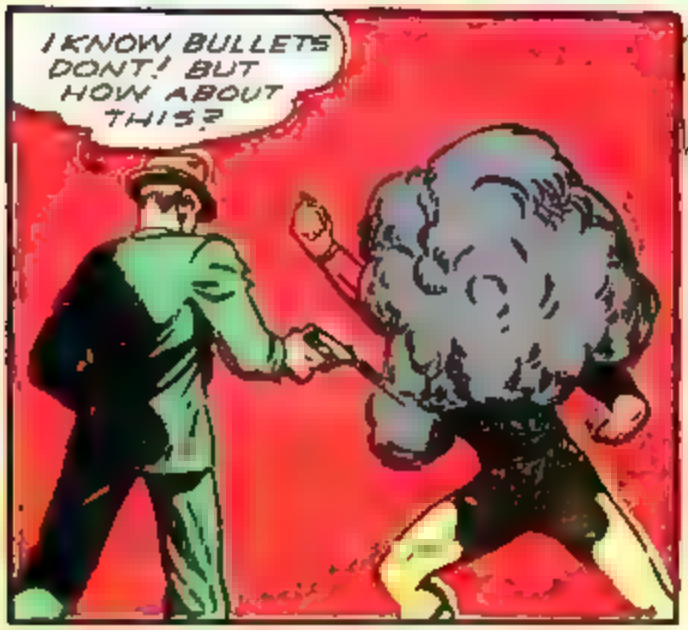
WITH THE POWER OF A LOCOMOTIVE AT TOP SPEED, *BULLETMAN* THUNDERS INTO THE QUAKING HOODLUMS.

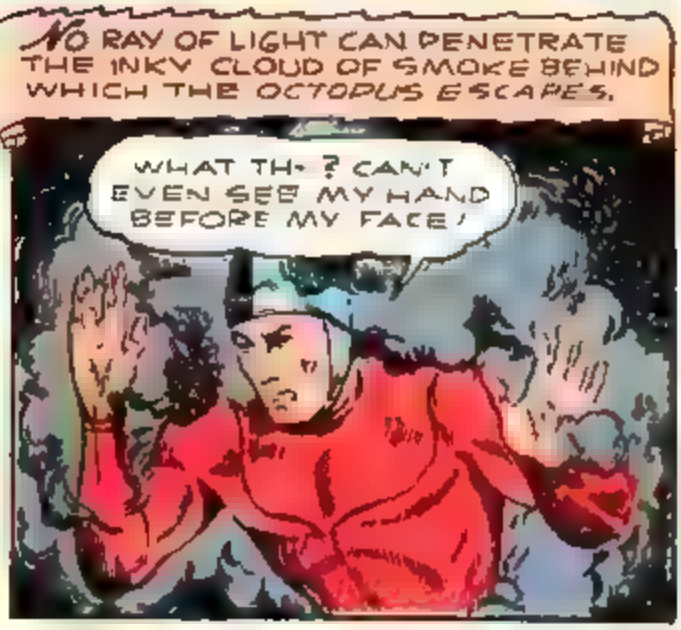


—AND NOW, WE'LL PLAY A LITTLE GAME, OCTOPUS! TAKE A CARD! TAKE A CARD, I SAY!
DEAR ME!

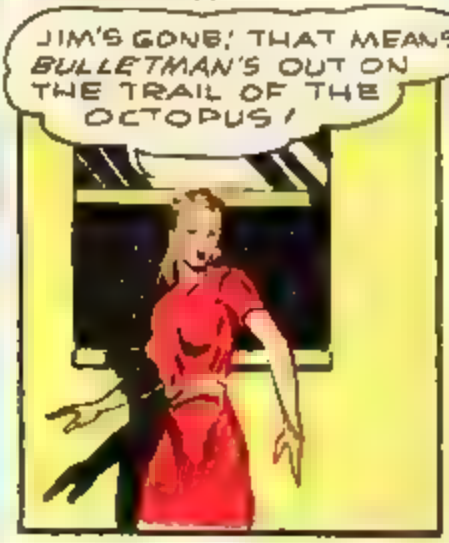
THE ACE OF SPADES! BAD LUCK FOR SOMEBODY, AND I THINK IT'S YOU, OCTOPUS

NO! YOU WON'T GET ME!
BULLETS MEAN NOTHING TO ME!

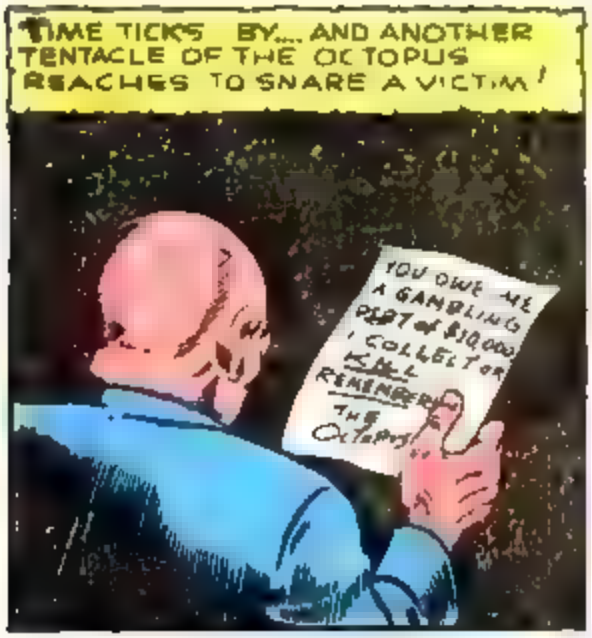

I KNOW BULLETS DONT! BUT HOW ABOUT THIS?


NO RAY OF LIGHT CAN PENETRATE THE INKY CLOUD OF SMOKE BEHIND WHICH THE OCTOPUS ESCAPES.
WHAT TH- ? CAN'T EVEN SEE MY HAND BEFORE MY FACE!

THE BIG FISH GOT AWAY, BUT NOT FOR LONG!


Meanwhile, SUSAN NOTICES JIM BARR'S ABSENCE.
JIM'S GONE! THAT MEANS BULLETMAN'S OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE OCTOPUS!

ALWAYS LEAVING ME BEHIND. ALWAYS! ALWAYS!

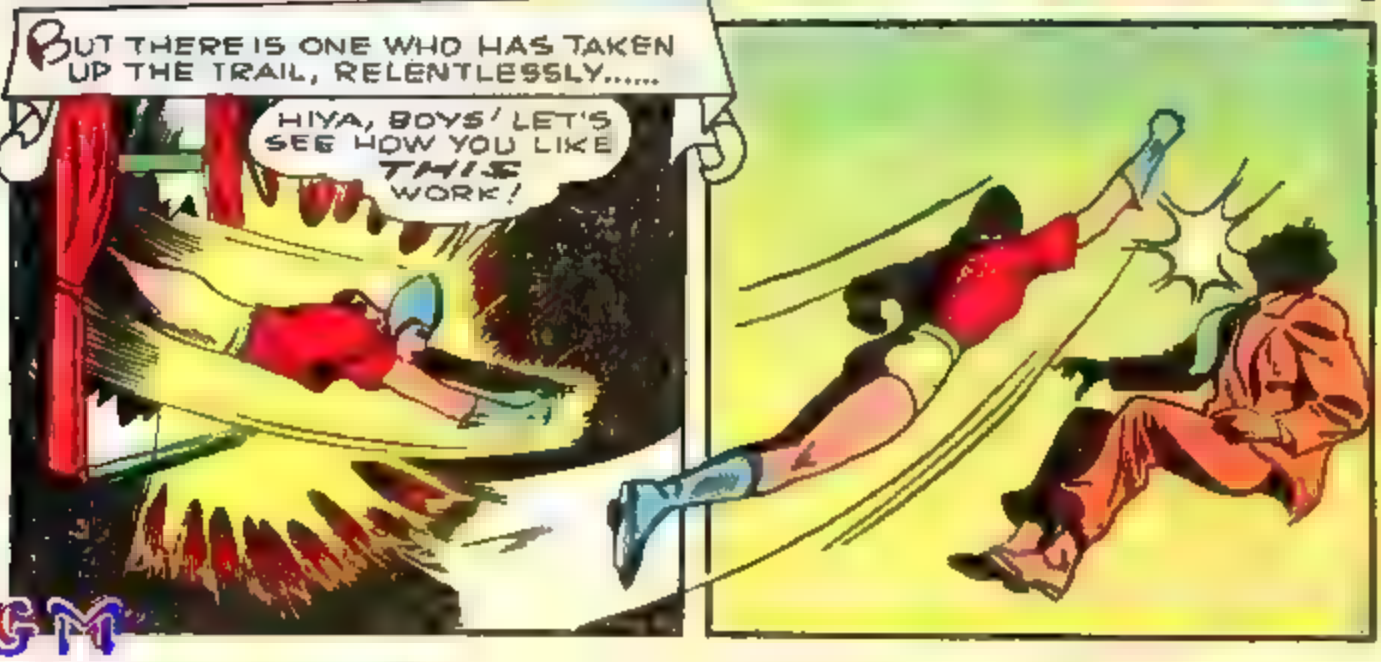

TIME TICKS BY.... AND ANOTHER TENTACLE OF THE OCTOPUS REACHES TO SNARE A VICTIM!
YOU OWE ME A GAMBLING DEBT of $10,000 COLLECTOR KILL REMEMBER THE Octopus

I WON'T PAY IT! I WON'T. THEY CHEATED ME; THAT'S WHAT THEY DID!

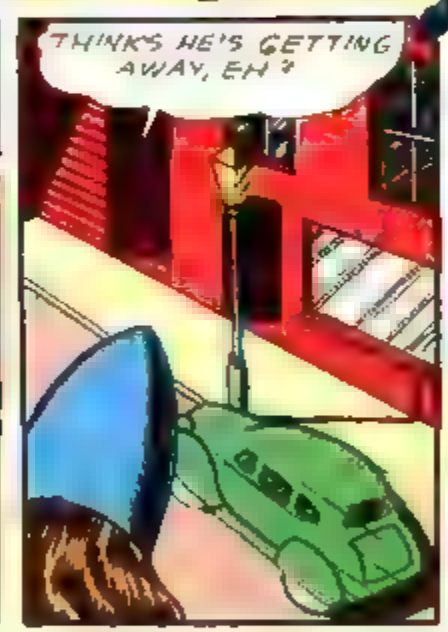
YOU WON'T, EH? THEN THE OCTOPUS STRIKES!
GLURP!

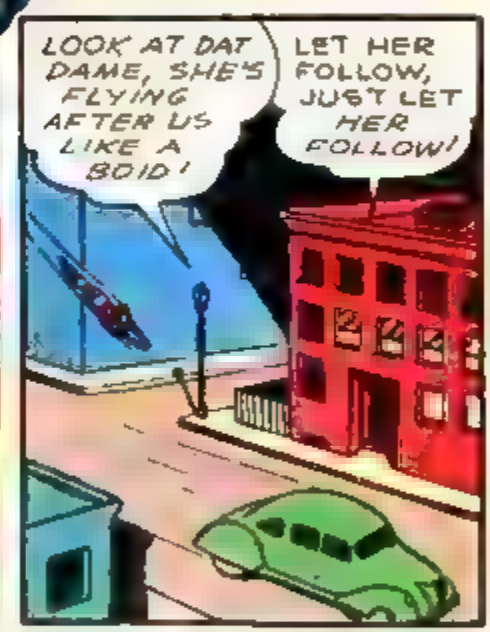
IS DIS DA LAST ONE, OCTOPUS?
OH, DEAR ME, NO, CRUSHER, WE MUST MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF MANY MORE, SO THAT OTHERS WILL PAY OFF WITH FEAR IN THEIR HEARTS!
AAAGH!

HOT DOG! DO I LIKE THIS WORK!

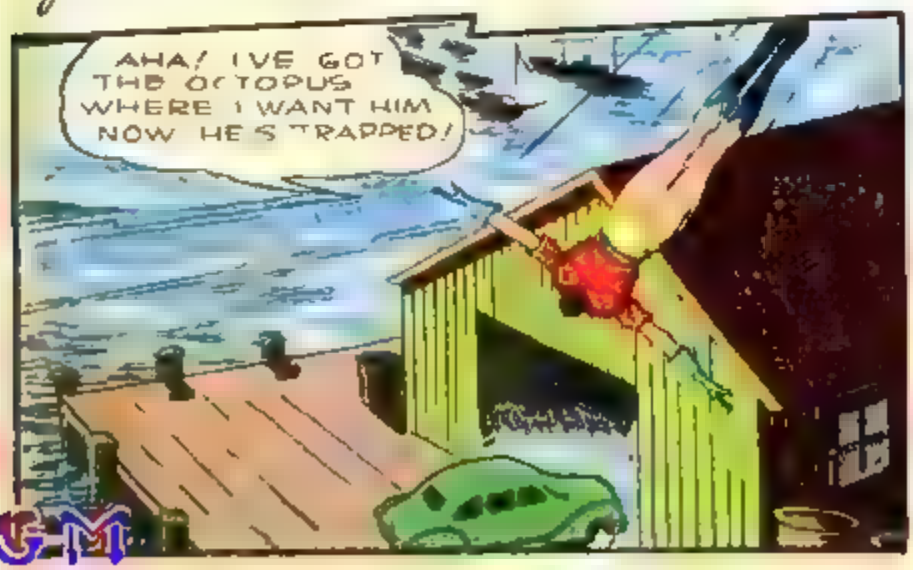

BUT THERE IS ONE WHO HAS TAKEN UP THE TRAIL, RELENTLESSLY.....
HIYA, BOYS! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS WORK!

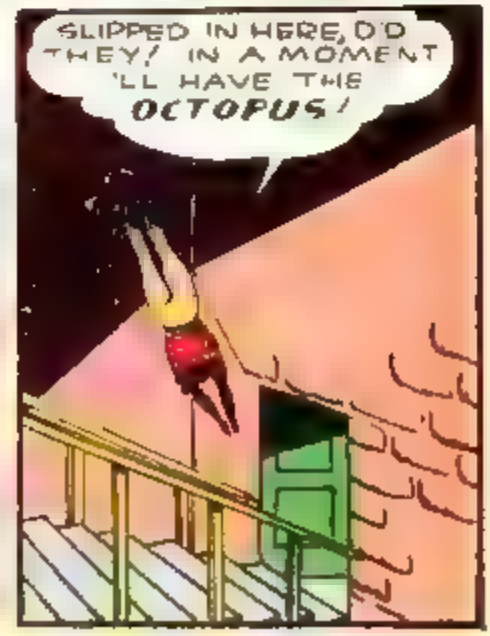
CRUSHER DISPOSED OF, BULLETGIRL TURNS TO THE OCTOPUS BUT ONLY TO MEET HIS DEVILISH SMOKE SCREEN





The CAR TURNS INTO AN OLD, DARK WAREHOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT.





BUT BULLETGIRL'S BLOOD TURNS TO ICE AS SHE ZOOMS STRAIGHT INTO THE WRITHING TENTACLES OF A REAL OCTOPUS.
GOOD WORK, MY DEAR! YOU HAVE THE OCTOPUS, HAVEN'T YOU? HEH, HEH HEH!
BOY, DID SHE STUMBLE INTO DAT ONE LIKE A CHUMP. HA HA!
THE MARINE HORROR TWINES ITS GHASTLY ARMS ABOUT THE STRUGGLING HUMAN FORM WHICH IS ITS PREY!
BULLETMAN, WHERE ARE YOU?
IS BULLETGIRL'S CRY UNHEARD? DOES IT DRIFT OUT ONLY INTO UNHEEDING AIR? OR WILL IT REACH THE EAR OF ONE WHO ALSO SEEKS THEIR ENEMY?..
H! HELP! NEED YOU, BULLETMAN!
I'VE PRACTICALLY RANSACKED THE CITY FOR THE OCTOPUS, AND NO LUCK.....
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT?
BULLETMAN! BULLETMAN!
LET GO OF BULLET GIRL, CHUM! THAT'S AN ORDER!
BULLETMAN! I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX YOU SO YOU CAN'T DO ANY HARM, PA.....

BULLETMAN TIES THE MONSTER IN KNOTS!

THANKS, BULLETMAN! THAT TAKES CARE OF THE OCTOPUS.

ONE OF THEM. THE OTHER GOT AWAY. WELL, NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS BEFORE WE'RE MISSED.

DAILY POP-OFF

OCTOPUS STILL AT LARGE. CITY TERRIFIED. APPLEBY PROMINENT REFORMER. SNEERS AT POLICE BUNGLING, AND CALLS THEM FLAT-HEADED FLATFOOTS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD? ANYTHING WRONG?

ANYTHING WRONG? LOOK AT THIS, KIDS! "FLAT-HEADED FLAT-FOOTS!" WE'RE CALLED FOR NOT NABBING THE OCTOPUS! I COULD WRING THAT APPLEBY'S NECK....

GUESS I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH GOOD, SINCE YOU ASSIGNED ME TO THE CASE, SERGEANT KENT.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART, MY BOY. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU... ER... TO DO ANYTHING.

EVEN MY BEST MEN FAILED! I'M GOING OUT MYSELF. I'LL BRING THAT SLIMY OCTOPUS IN, BY HEAVEN, OR... OR... WELL, ANYWAY, SEE YOU LATER. TAKE OVER WHILE I'M GONE, JIM.

AFTER KENT LEAVES THE PHONE RINGS.....

WHAT IS IT, JIM?

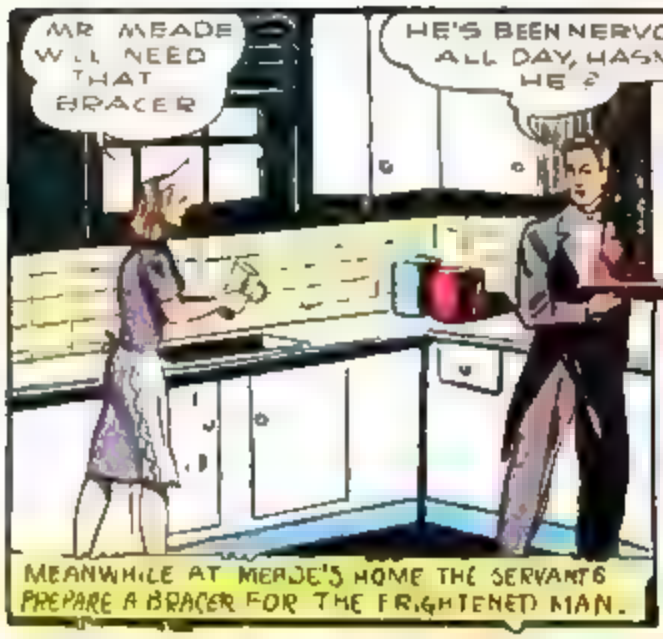
CYRUS MEADE CALLING! I'VE RECEIVED A THREAT NOTE FROM THE OCTOPUS. TRYING TO SHAKE ME DOWN FOR MONEY! I'LL BE NEXT ON HIS MURDER LIST, I TELL YOU....

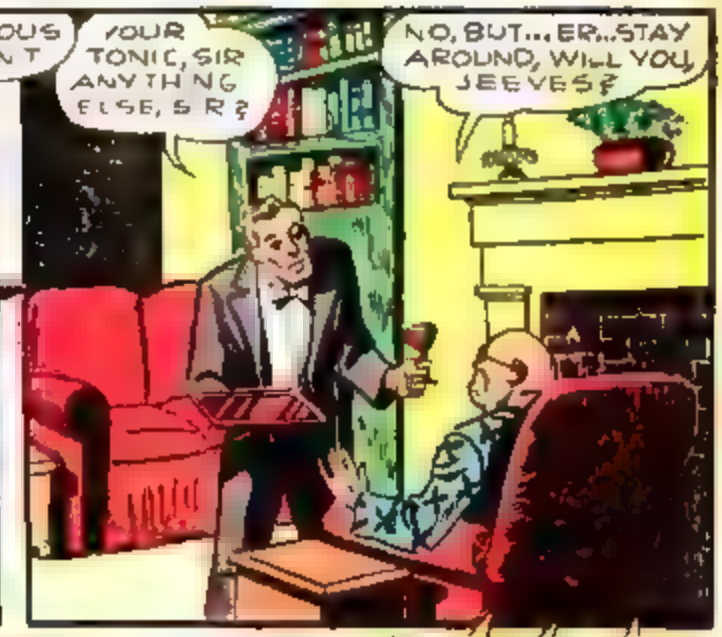
EASY, MAN, WE'LL SEND HELP

SEND HELP! BUT DAD'S TAKEN ALONG EVERY AVAILABLE MAN!

EXCEPT BULLETMAN!

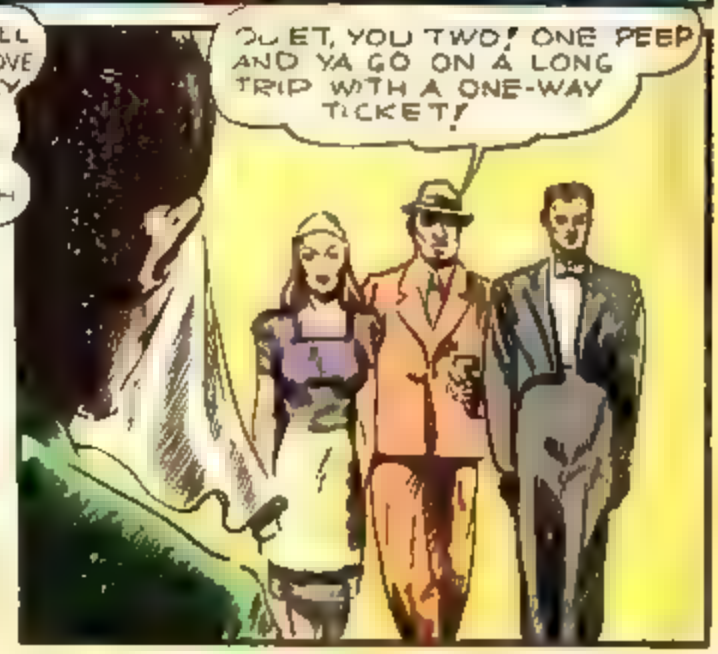
AND BULLETGIRL!

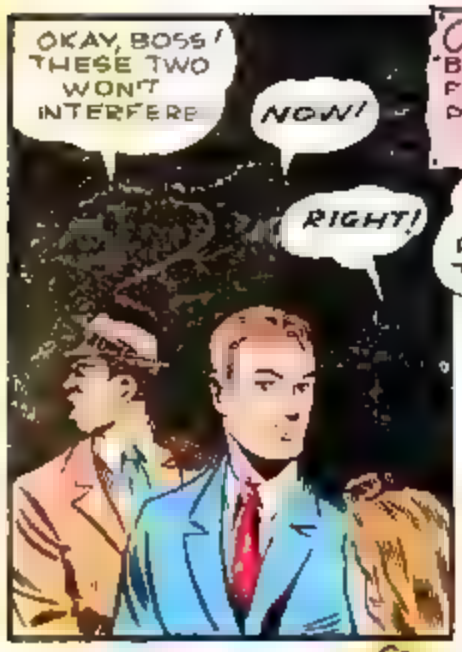

MR MEADE WILL NEED THAT BRACER
HE'S BEEN NERVOUS ALL DAY, HASN'T HE?
MEANWHILE AT MEADE'S HOME THE SERVANTS PREPARE A BRACER FOR THE FRIGHTENED MAN.

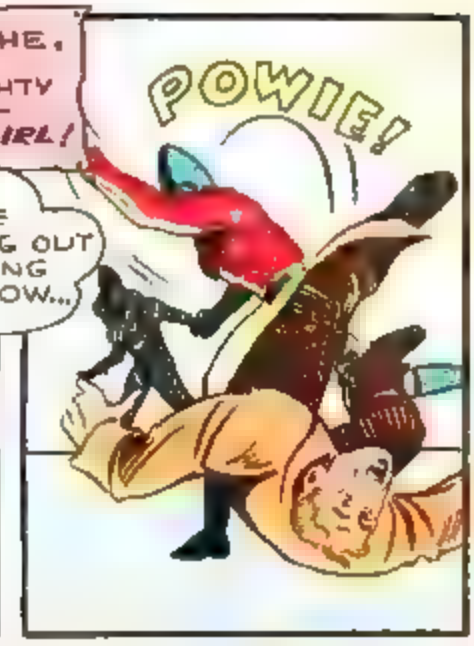

YOUR TONIC, SIR ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
NO, BUT... ER... STAY AROUND, WILL YOU, JEEVES?

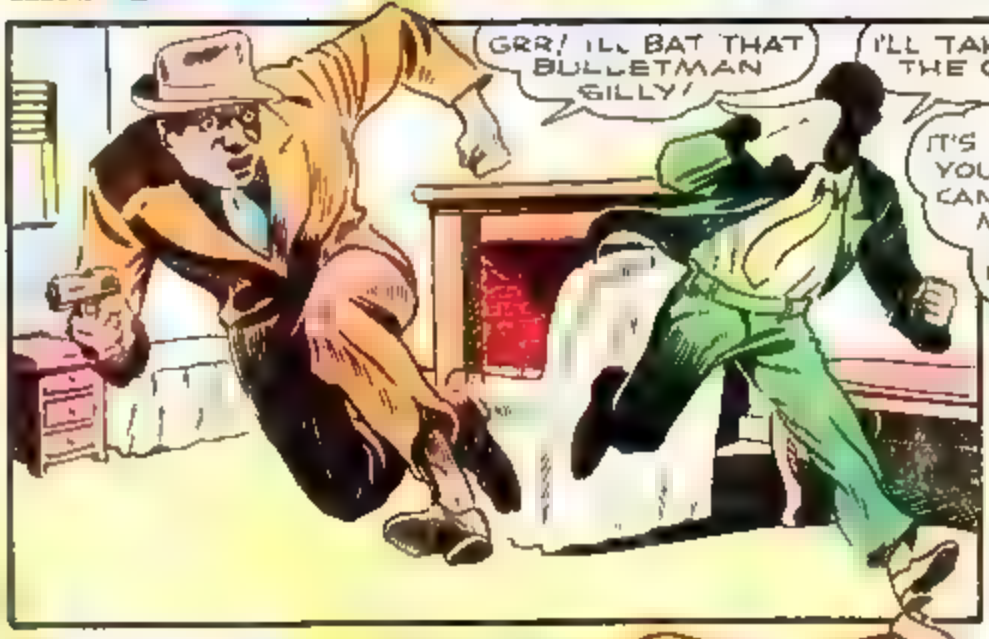
YOU TOO, MARY!
SURE THING, SIR! I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.
I'M AFRAID TO BE ALONE! I'M AFRAID! BUT BY THE SAINTS, IF THAT OCTOPUS COMES, I'LL BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!
AGAIN, THE OCTOPUS STRIKES!
ULLGG!

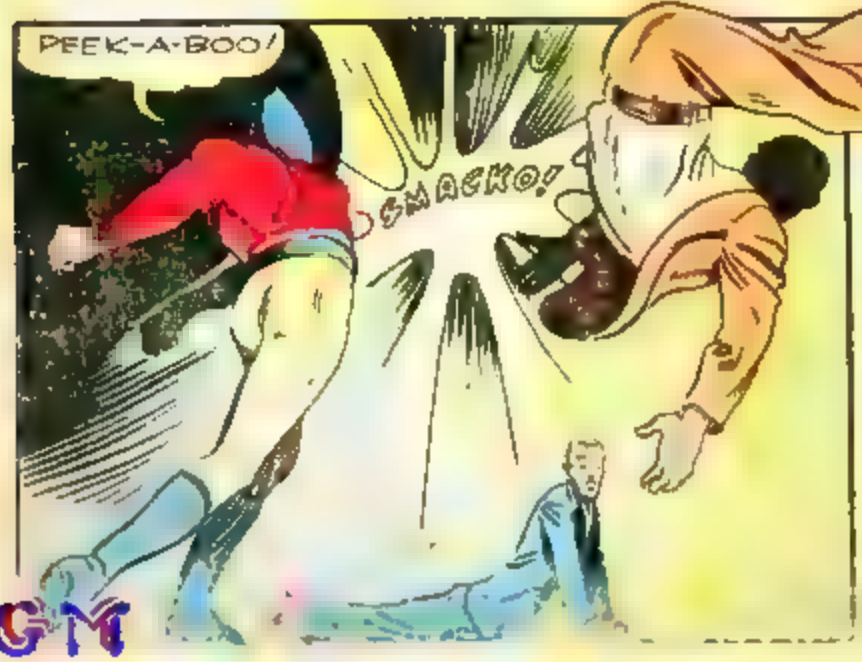
HA, HA WE'VE BEEN WATCHING HERE IN THIS ROOM FER HOURS, MEADE!
DEAR ME! I'LL JUST REMOVE THIS DEADLY WEAPON, BEFORE HE HARMS SOMEONE WITH IT.


QUIET, YOU TWO! ONE PEEP AND YA GO ON A LONG TRIP WITH A ONE-WAY TICKET!

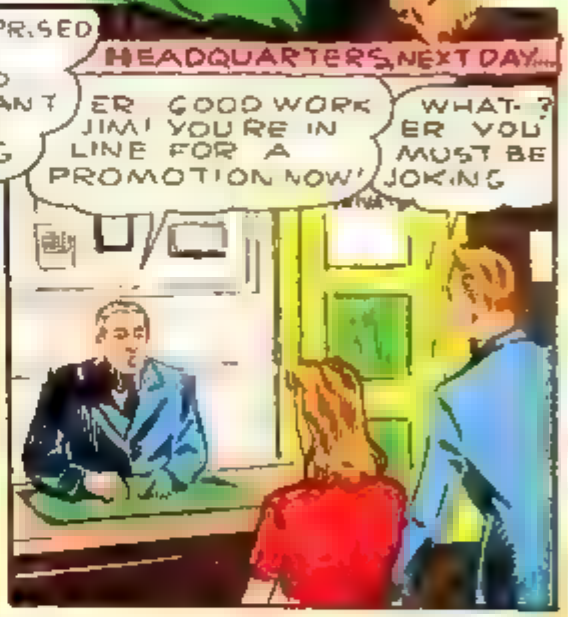


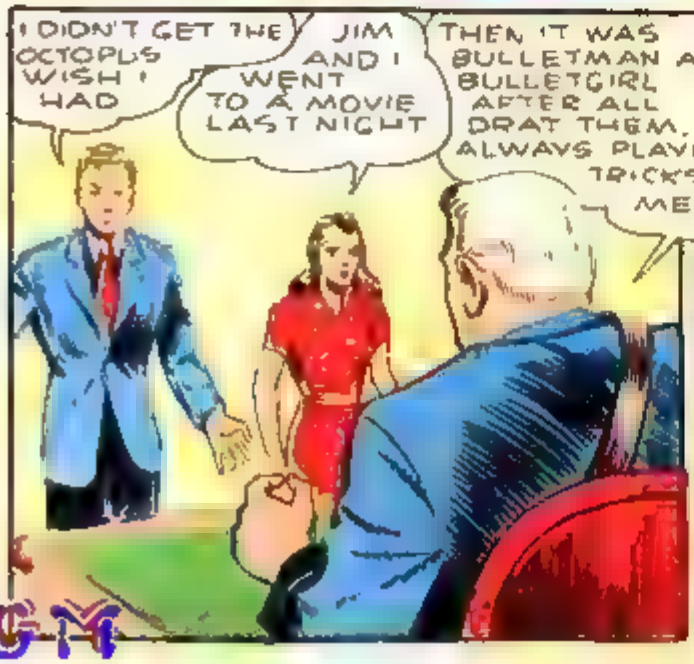


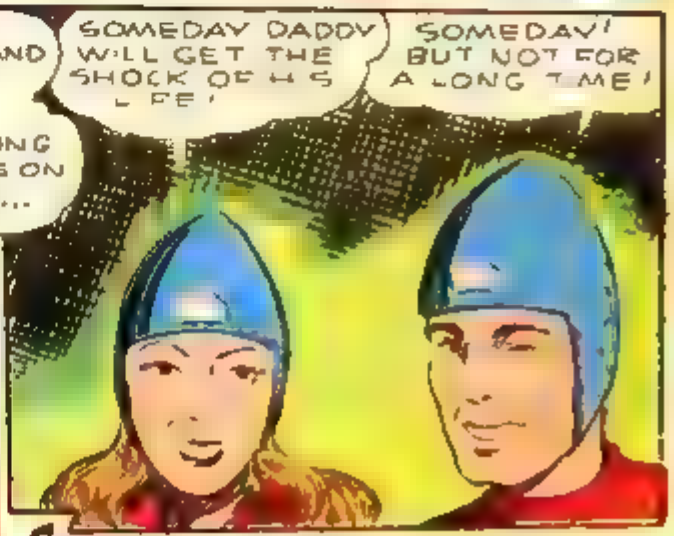




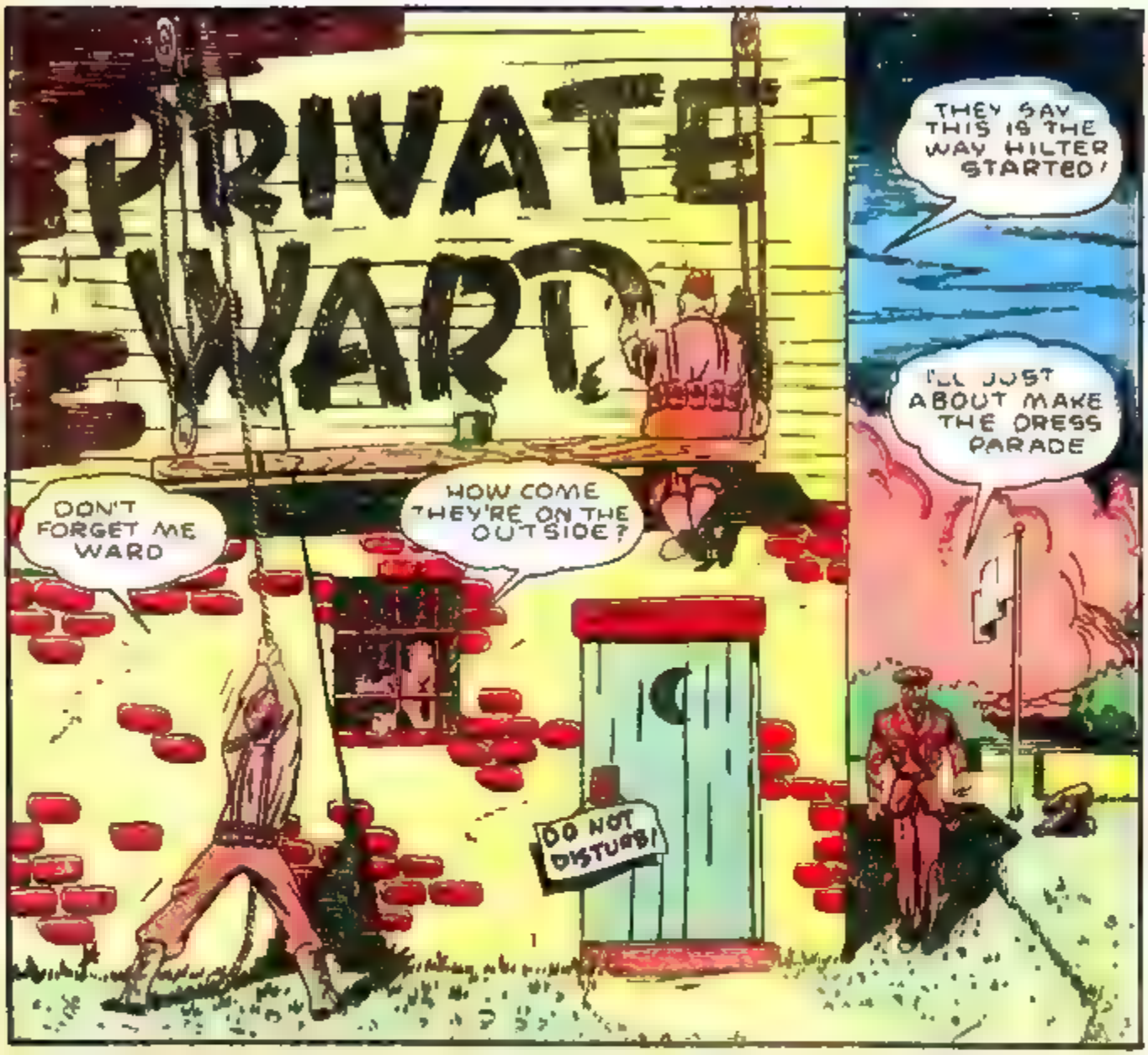
Meanwhile, THE OCTOPUS LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT BULLETGIRL

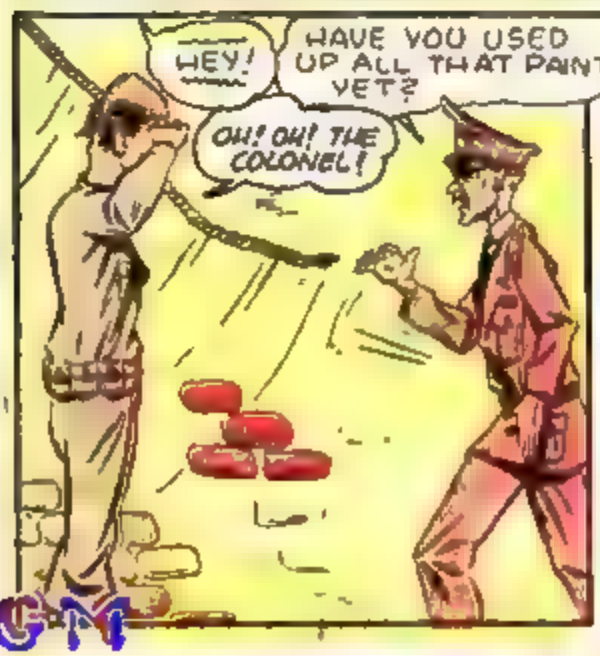


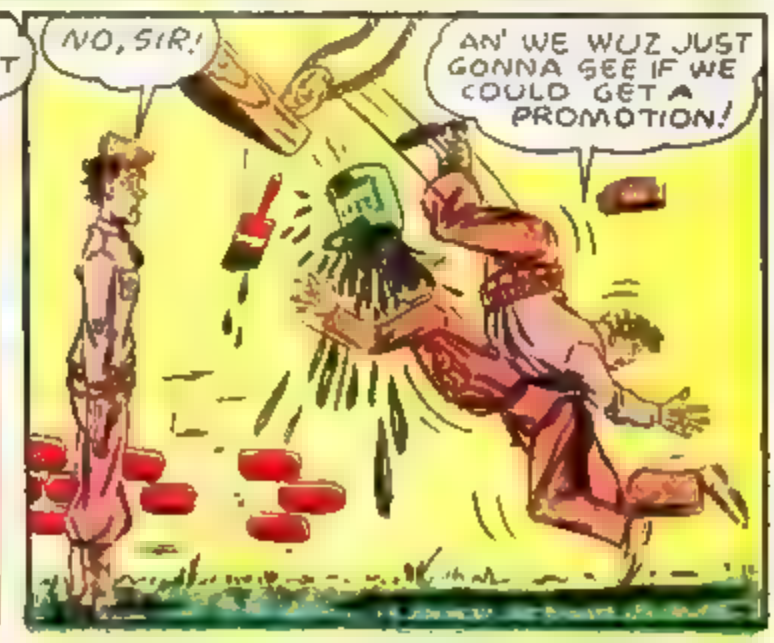


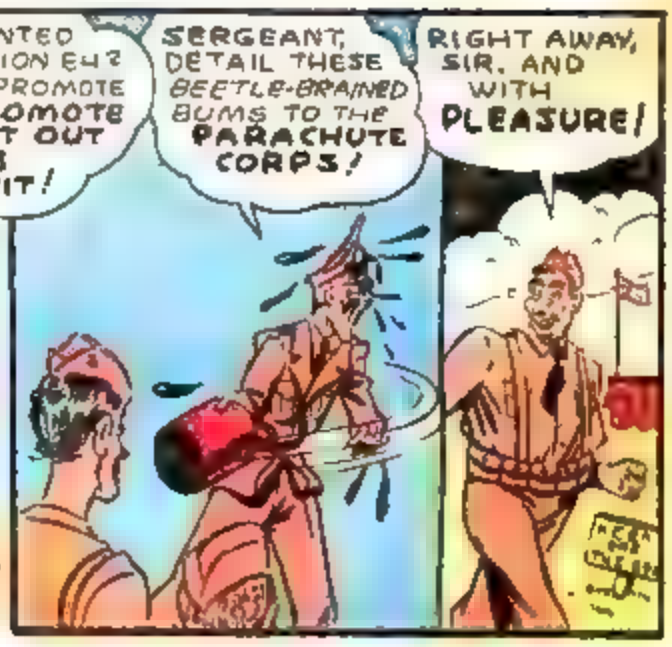


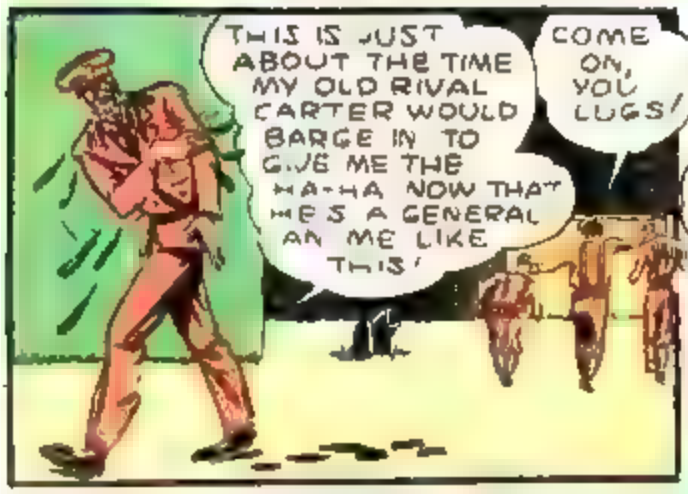
FOLLOW THE BREATH-TAKING, HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL EACH MONTH IN MASTER COMICS!


PRIVATE WARD
THEY SAY THIS IS THE WAY HITLER STARTED!
I'LL JUST ABOUT MAKE THE DRESS PARADE
DON'T FORGET ME WARD
HOW COME THEY'RE ON THE OUTSIDE?
DO NOT DISTURB!

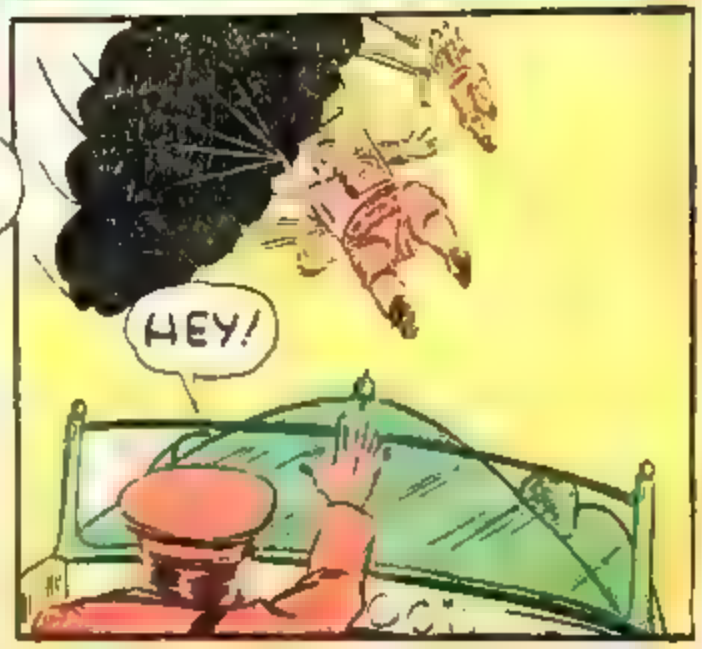

HEY!
HAVE YOU USED UP ALL THAT PAINT YET?
OH! OH! THE COLONEL!


NO, SIR!
AN' WE WUZ JUST GONNA SEE IF WE COULD GET A PROMOTION!

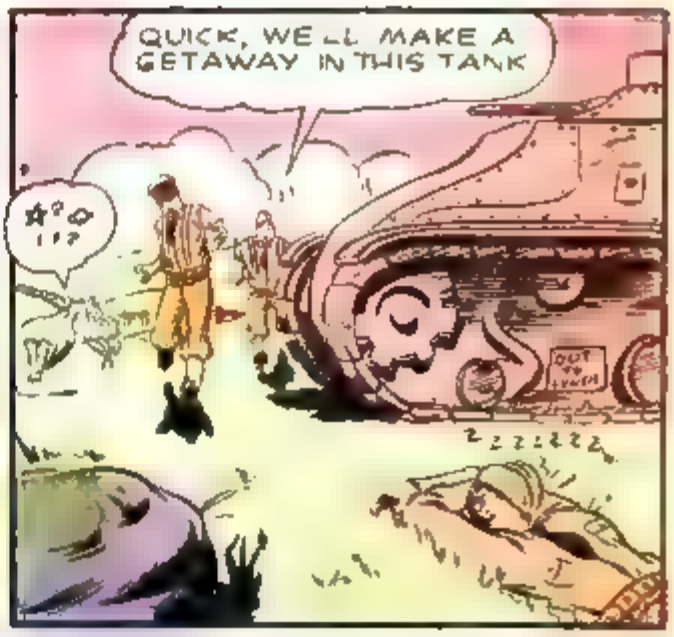


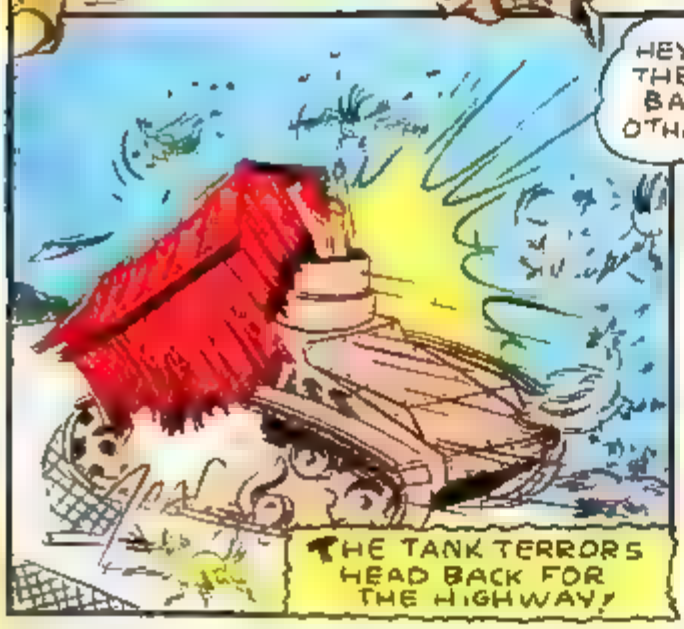


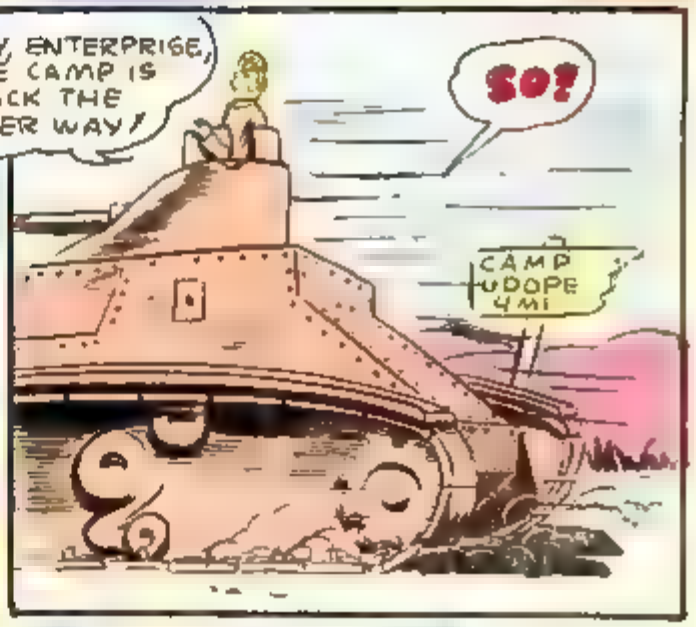
AND BUT A FEW SCANT MILES AWAY, THIS VERY GENERAL CARTER GLOATS OVER HIS PROSPECTIVE PLEASURE. HE IS ON HIS WAY TO LORD IT OVER HIS OLD "FRIEND" DEAKYNE.

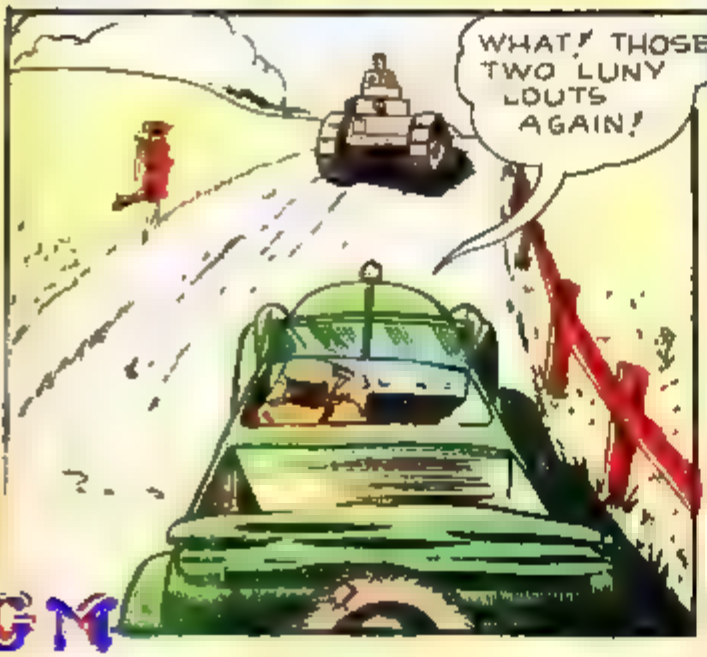


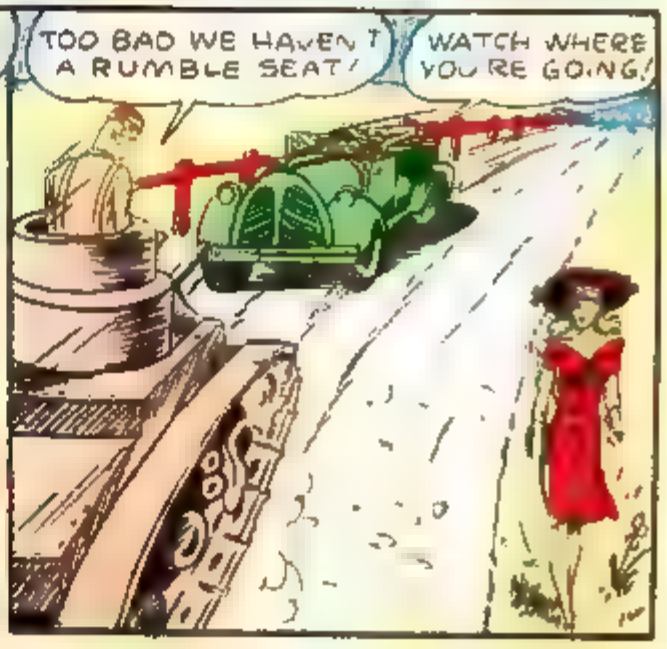
HEY, WASN'T THAT A GENERAL IN THAT CAR?
!★ ?!?★ ??!!

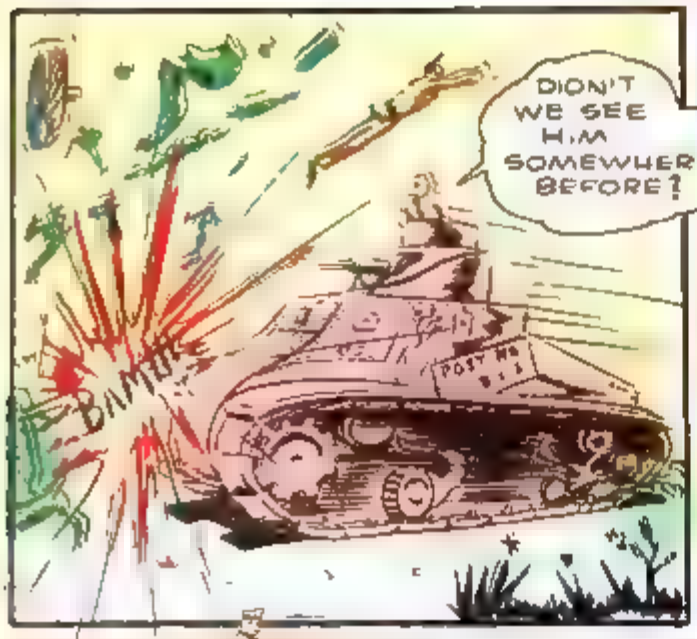

QUICK, WE'LL MAKE A GETAWAY IN THIS TANK
★?@ !!?

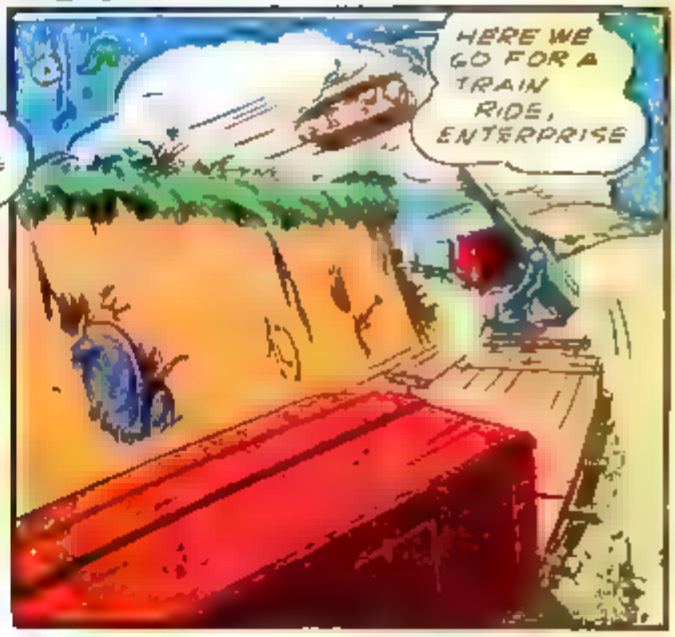

HEY, ENTERPRIGE, THE CAMP IS BACK THE OTHER WAY!
THE TANK TERRORS HEAD BACK FOR THE HIGHWAY!

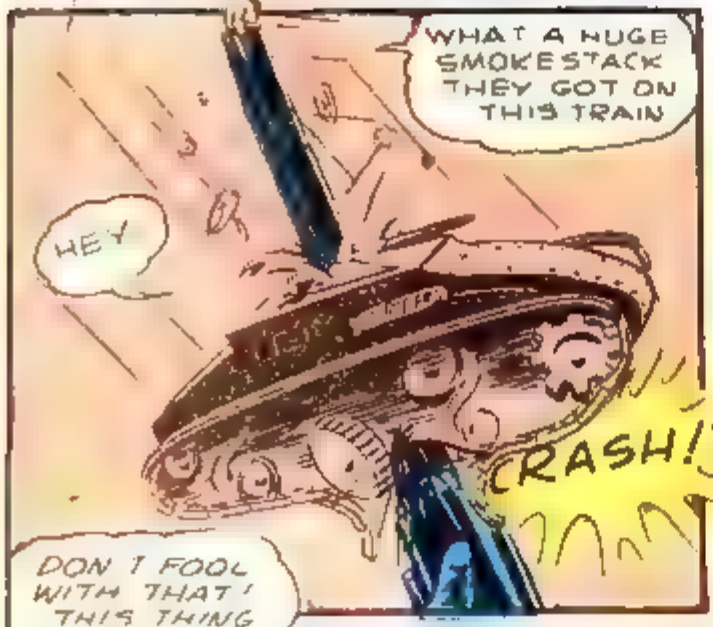

SO?
CAMP UDOPE 4MI

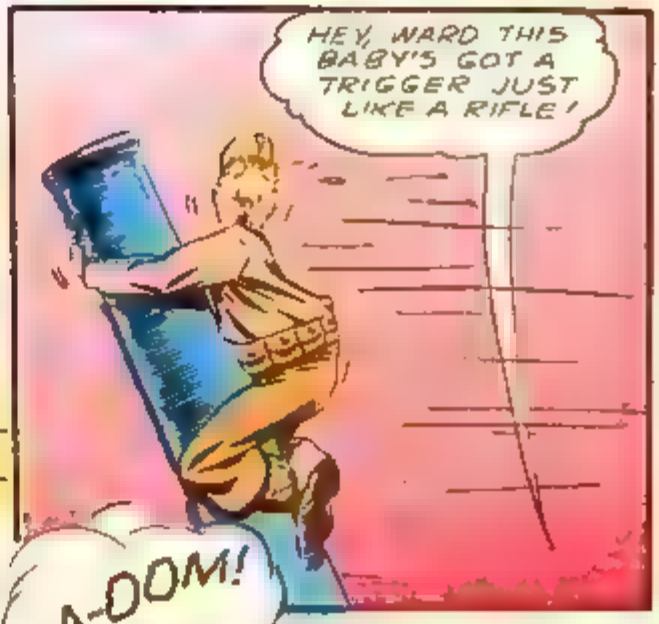

WHAT! THOSE TWO LUNY LOUTS AGAIN!

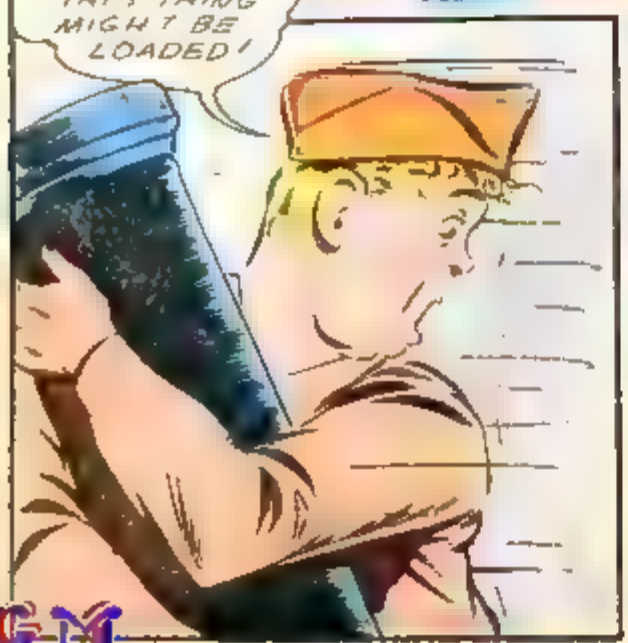

TOO BAD WE HAVEN'T A RUMBLE SEAT!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!


DIDN'T WE SEE HIM SOMEWHERE BEFORE?
BAM!


HERE WE GO FOR A TRAIN RIDE, ENTERPRISE

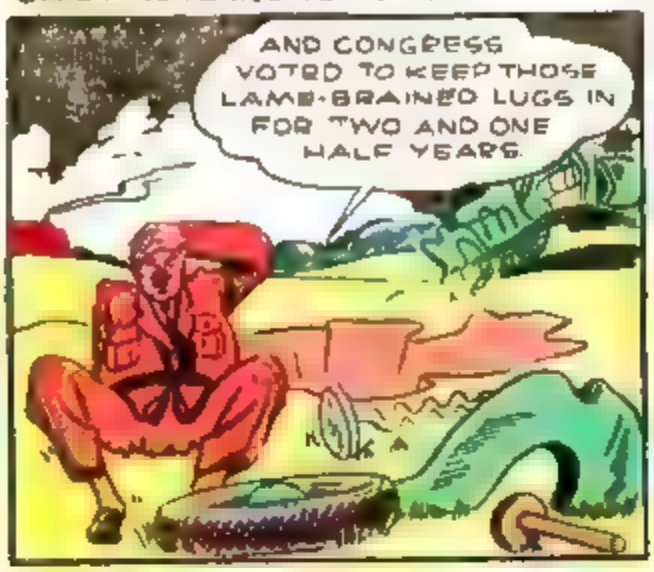

WHAT A HUGE SMOKESTACK THEY GOT ON THIS TRAIN
HEY
CRASH!

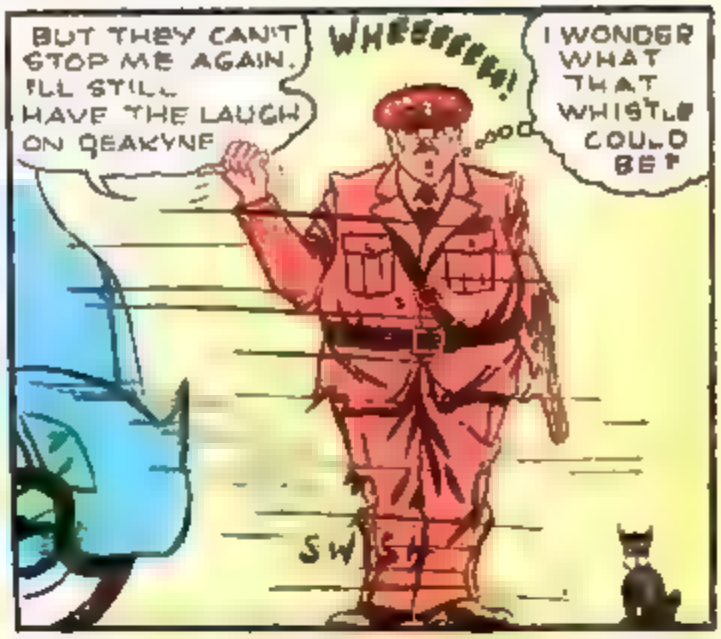

HEY, WARD THIS BABY'S GOT A TRIGGER JUST LIKE A RIFLE!

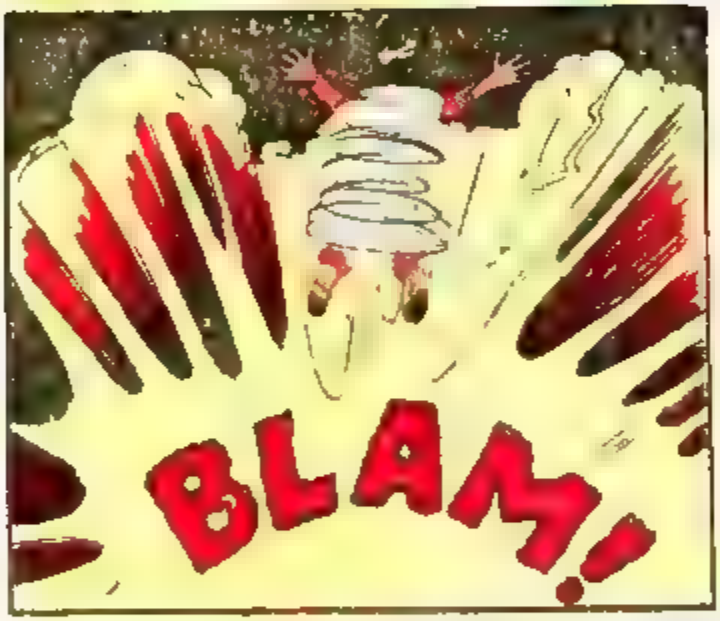

DON'T FOOL WITH THAT! THIS THING MIGHT BE LOADED!

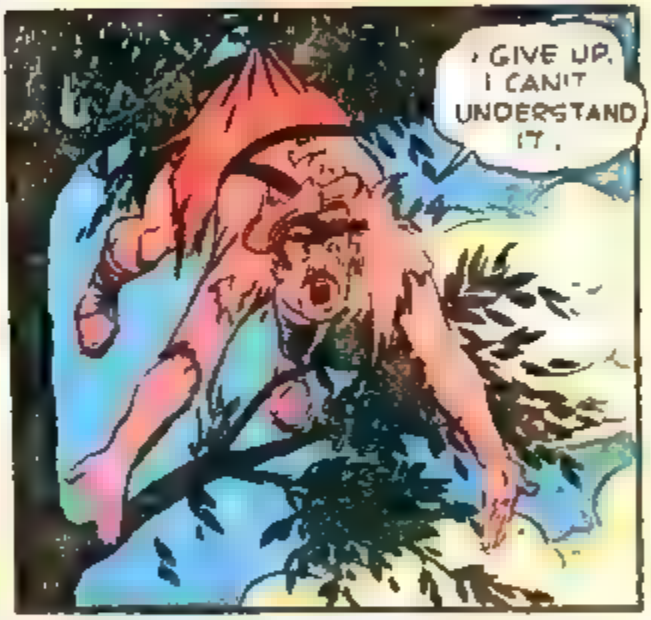
BLA-DOM!

MEANWHILE, DISGRUNTLED GENERAL CARTER RETURNS TO ACTION







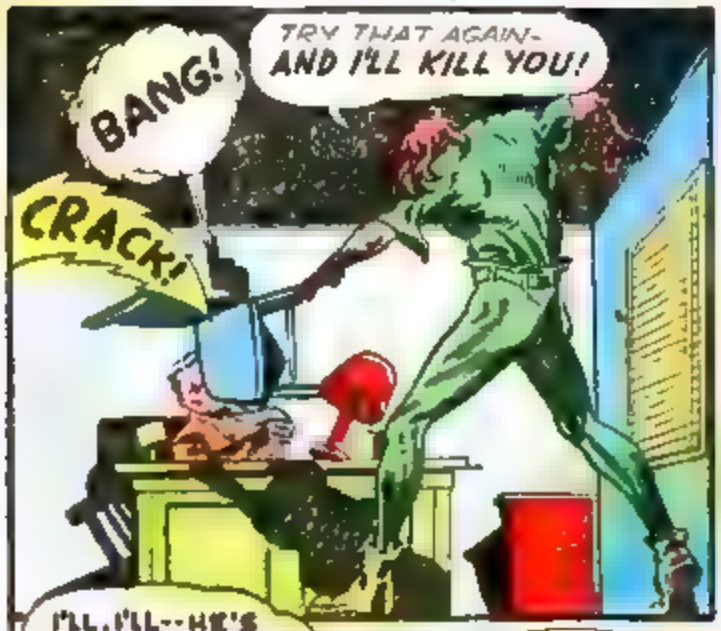


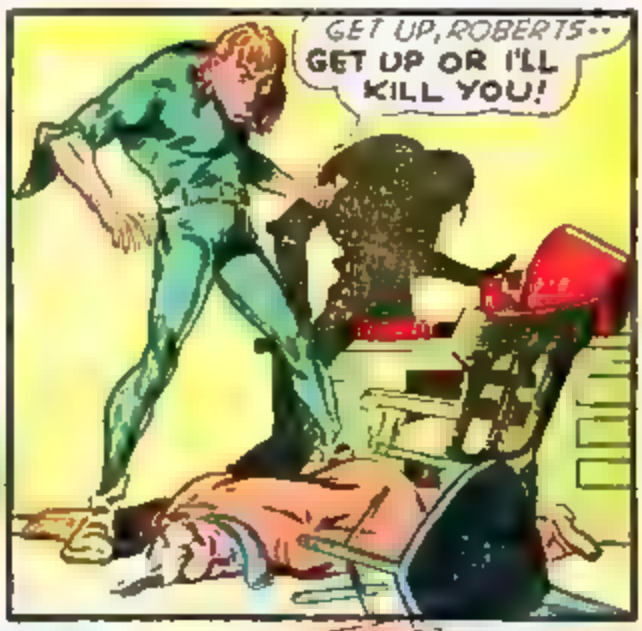
SERGEANT! TAKE 'EM AWAY!

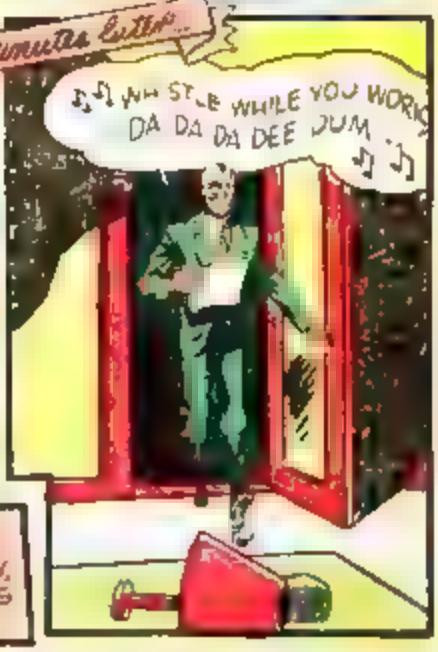
YOU WASH, I'LL DRY!

BULLETMAN
It was just another night to most people---- The same old moon overhead, and the same old brook rippled nearby. But it was an important night for BULLETMAN. It was his night to Die!
BULLETMAN DEFIES YOU TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY! CAN YOU DO IT? Then LET'S GO!
OUR STORY BEGINS ONE QUIET EVENING ...IN THE OFFICE OF HENRY ROBERTS, PROMINENT MILLIONAIRE BANKER.
YOU MAY GO HOME MISS LAKE I WON'T DETAIN YOU ANY LONGER
THANKS, MR ROBERTS... AND MIGHT I SUGGEST THAT YOU NEED.. ER.. SOME REST THINK YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD.

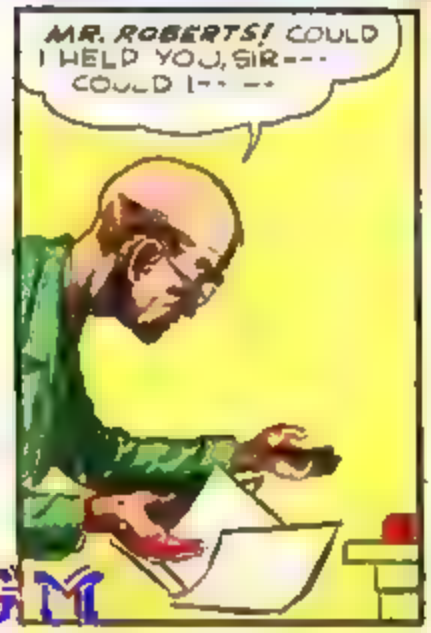
THANKS, MISS LAKE BUT I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK BEFORE LEAVING GOODNIGHT
OH, MILLER---COULD YOU STEP OVER HERE A MOMENT?
ARE YOU WORKING LATE TONIGHT?
YES, SIR ER, AM A BIT AFRAID OF THE DARK, BUT I HAVE SOME ACCOUNTING TO COMPLETE BEFORE GOING HOME, SIR.
WELL IF YOU SEE A STRANGE MAN PROWLING AROUND--- LET ME KNOW IMMEDIATELY!
A STRANGE MAN, SIR? WHY, OF COURSE, SIR. I'LL...ER. BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM!
A SHORT TIME LATER, AND HENRY ROBERTS FAILS TO SEE AN OMINOUS SHADOW LOOMING OVER HIM
HMM LETS SEE STOCKS HAVE GONE UP TWO POINTS BONDS SEEM SAFE ENOUGH AND
HELLO, ROBERTS THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN!
HEH, HEH, HEH! AH, YES, ROBERTS, I'M BACK AGAIN IN NEED OF CASH---PLENTY OF CASH!
EH? WHO SPOKE WHO
YOU! NO-- NO!
A DRAWER IS SILENTLY OPENED AND A GLEAMING AUTOMATIC SLIDES INTO VIEW.
OH, YES--THE MONEY AGAIN I HAVE FOUR THOUSAND HERE --WELL THAT... ER..BE ENOUGH FOR NOW!
THERE BEFORE ROBERTS STANDS A TALL, WEIRD HUNCHBACK HIS FACE TWISTED IN AN UGLY LEER







The WEIRD CREATURE THEN SCURRIES OUT THE WINDOW, AND MELTS INTO THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT....



SERGEANT KENT TAKES THE CALL AT HEADQUARTERS.

HENRY ROBERTS MURDERED! GREAT GUNS! I'LL SEND A SQUAD CAR RIGHT DOWN TO THE BANK!

CASEY--TAKE SOME OF THE BOYS DOWN TO THE BANK. HENRY ROBERTS, THE MILLIONAIRE, HAS BEEN MURDERED--- WAIT A MINUTE I'D BETTER GO ALONG.

SURE THING, SERGEANT

UNKNOWN TO SERGEANT KENT, "MILD-MANNERED" JIM BARR AND SUSAN KENT OVERHEAR THE WHOLE STORY...

HMMM--GET A LOAD OF THAT, SUSAN. HENRY ROBERTS MURDERED!

WHEN A BIG SHOT MILLIONAIRE LIKE THAT GETS KILLED--YOU CAN BET YOUR NEW SPRING DRESS THAT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE CRACKED WIDE OPEN!

YEAH—SO WHAT, JIM? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

"WE" AREN'T GOING TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, BUT BULLETMAN IS.

AND BULLETGIRL--WHAT ABOUT HER?

BULLETGIRL CAN ENTER THE CASE LATER ON. RIGHT NOW, SUSAN, I'D RATHER YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN FOR MORE NEWS.

MISSING THE FUN AGAIN, EH? BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BULLETMAN - I'LL WAIT HERE!

AND NOW WHILE THE WORLD IS IN SLUMBER-- BULLETMAN WILL ENTER THE CASE OF THE MURDERED MILLIONAIRE

MEANWHILE, SERGEANT KENT AND HIS MEN HAVE ARRIVED AT THE BANK.
YOU BOYS SURROUND THE BANK--THE REST OF US WILL GO IN.
BRRRR-- WONDER WHO DID IT, MIKE?
CAN'T SAY YET JAKE PROBABLY THE RESULT OF A HOLD-UP
YOU DIDN'T HEAR A NOISE, DID YOU, MIKE?
COME TO THINK OF IT, JAKE-- I THOUGHT I DID HEAR SOMETHING.
STUPID POLICEMAN - TAKE THAT
AAAGH!
THE WEIRD CREATURE STRIKES SWIFTLY.
KILL MY PAL WILL YA? I'LL SHOW YA! I'LL SHOW YA!
HEH, HEH HEH!
CRACK!
HATE COPS! AND THEY'RE ON MY TRAIL! HERE'S WHERE I GET RID OF TWO OF THEM!

HOLD T MISTER.
EH? BULLETMAN!
YEAH! AND I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE COP KILLERS!
THEN TOSS AWAY--- CAUSE I'M COMING AFTER YOU.
OKAY, BULLETMAN! HERE'S WHERE I EVEN THE SCORE.
THAT FOR YOU!
NOT THROUGH YET--NOT THROUGH WITH BULLETMAN YET!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
THWACK!
BEFORE BULLETMAN CAN REACH THE CORNER THE HUNCHED FIGURE LEAPS OVER THE SHRUBBERY AND AWAY.

GOT AWAY FOR NOW--BUT-- WAIT A MINUTE! HERE COMES SERGEANT KENT!

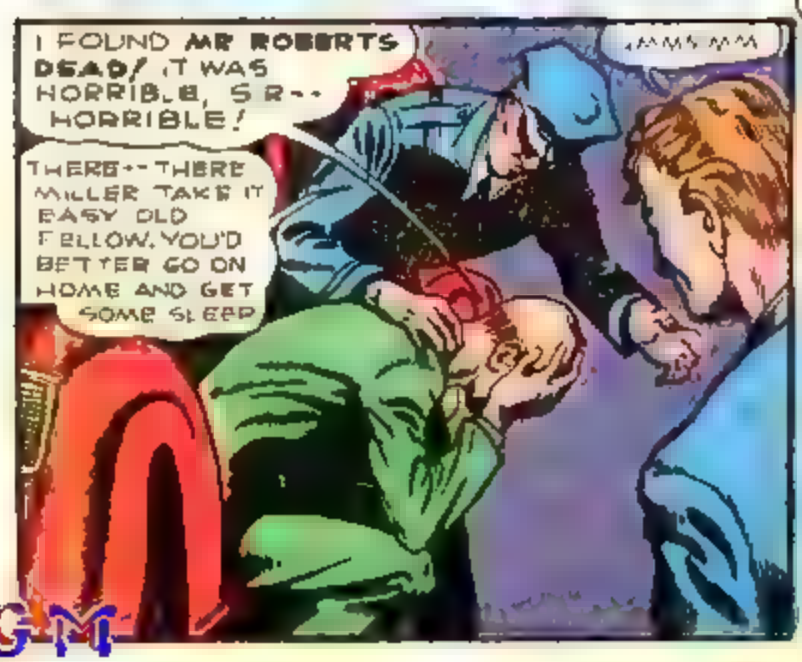
POOR ROBERTS-- THAT'S HIS LAST RIDE! GUESS I'LL CHANGE BACK TO JIM BARR AND HAVE A CHAT WITH SERGEANT KENT

WHY, JIM? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I, ER, CAME ALONG TO SEE IF I COULD HELP, SERGEANT. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

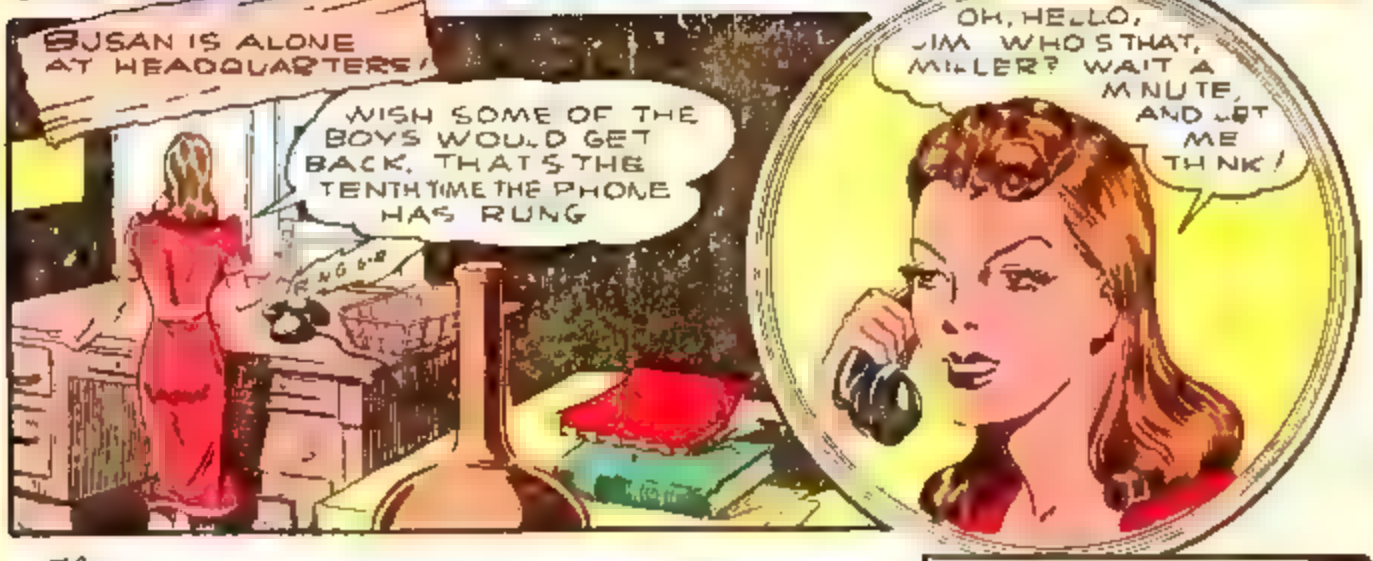
IT'S HENRY ROBERTS, THE MILLIONAIRE BANKER. HE WAS MURDERED TONIGHT!
BOY THAT'S CERTAINLY GOING TO CAUSE A RUMPUS. ANY CLUES?

NOT A ONE. JUST A BLOOD-SPLOTCHED CHAIR, WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THE MURDER WEAPON, AND A MAN NAMED--LET'S SEE--OH, YES--
MILLER WAS IN ANOTHER OFFICE WHEN IT OCCURED.
MILLER, EH? COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH HIM?

I REALY DON'T KNOW MUCH, SIR. ONLY WHEN I GOT TO THE OFFICE--I FOUND--- FOUND-- ----
POOR MILLER! PROBABLY WON'T SLEEP FOR ANOTHER WEEK


I FOUND MR ROBERTS DEAD! IT WAS HORRIBLE, SIR-- HORRIBLE!
THERE-- THERE MILLER TAKE IT EASY OLD FELLOW. YOU'D BETTER GO ON HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP
MMMMMM

IT'S A FUNNY THING, SERGEANT-- BUT I'M SURE THAT I'VE SEEN MILLER BEFORE!

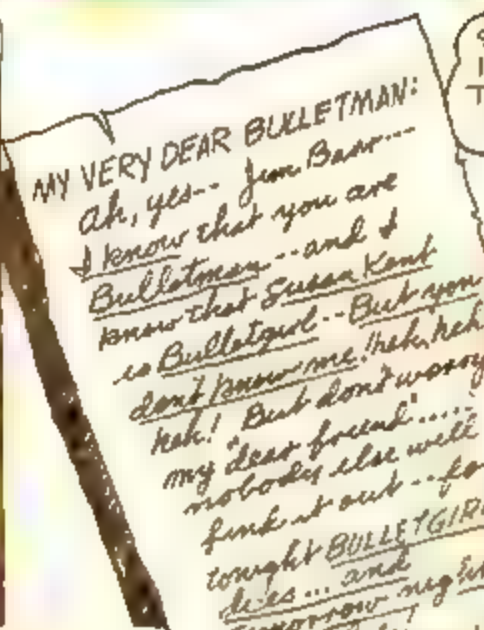


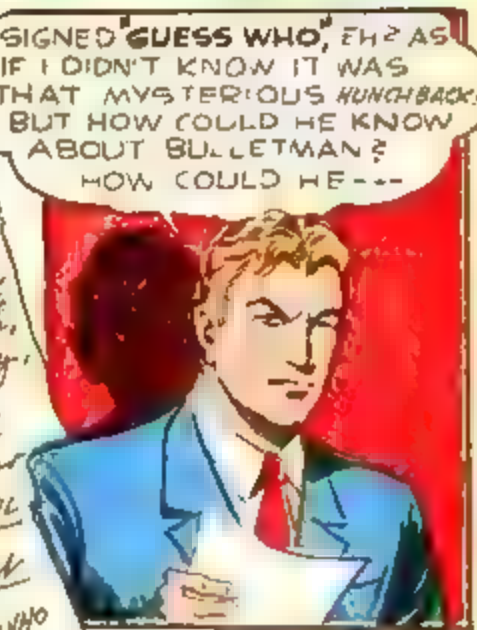
She FAILS TO SEE A FIGURE CREEPING STEALTHILY IN THE WINDOW---THE MYSTERIOUS HUNCHBACK!

HELLO--HELLO, SUSAN! NO USE- THE LINE

ONLY TWO BLOCKS TO HEADQUARTERS! GOTTA HURRY-- IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO SUSAN -- I'LL

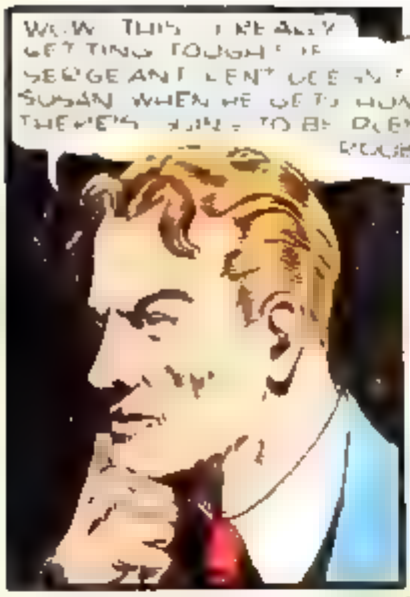
SHE'S GONE! BUT WAIT-- THERE'S A NOTE LEFT ON THE TABLE!


MY VERY DEAR BULLETMAN: Ah, yes-- Jim Barr--- I know that you are Bulletman--and I know that Susan Kent is Bulletgirl--But you don't know me! heh, heh, heh! But don't worry, my dear friend..... nobody else will find out--for tonight BULLETGIRL dies... and tomorrow night you die! -GUESS WHO

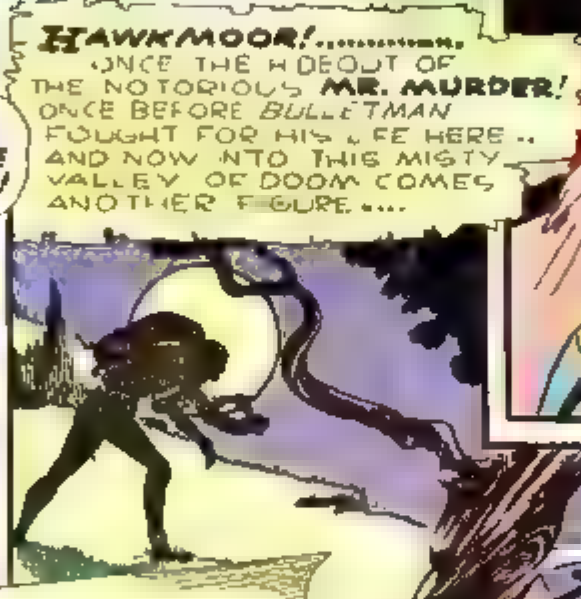

SIGNED "GUESS WHO", EH? AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS THAT MYSTERIOUS HUNCHBACK! BUT HOW COULD HE KNOW ABOUT BULLETMAN? HOW COULD HE---

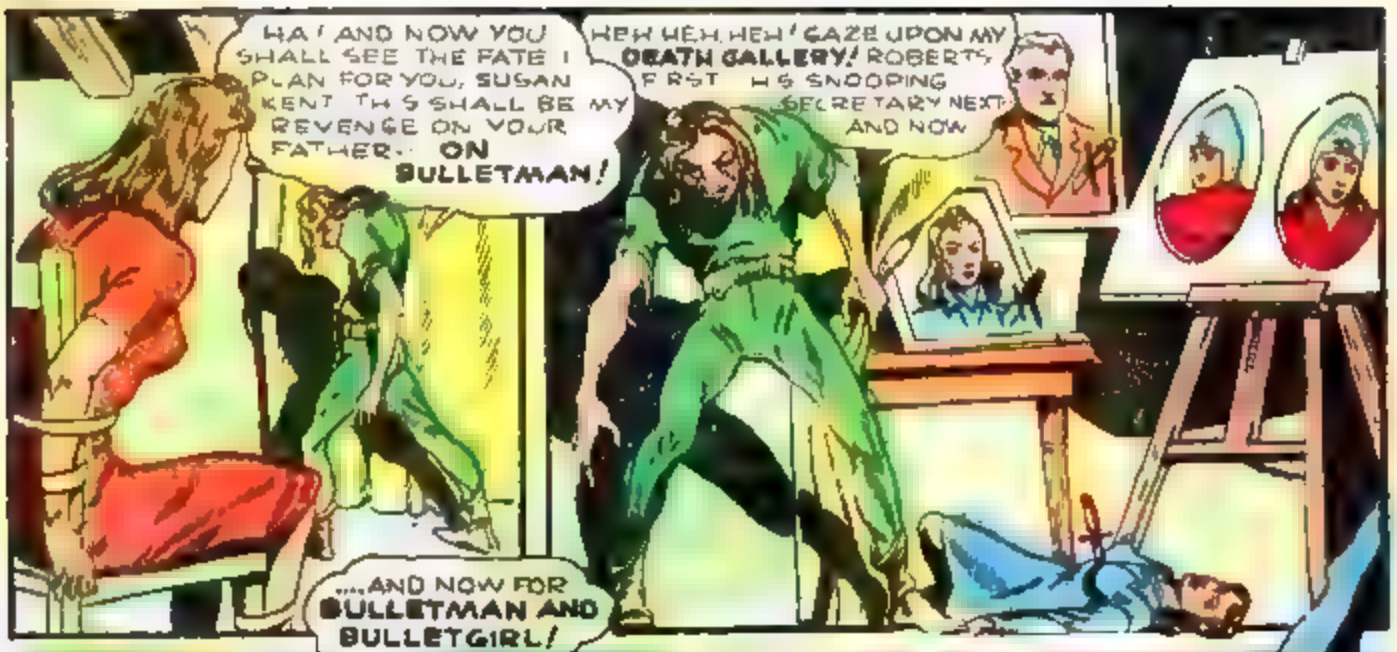
WHY, J.M.! I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE HOME! WHERE'S SUSAN?
SHE... ER... LEFT A FEW MOMENTS AGO, SERGEANT. I MERELY CAME BACK TO CHECK UP ON SOME OLD.....ER.. FORMULAS

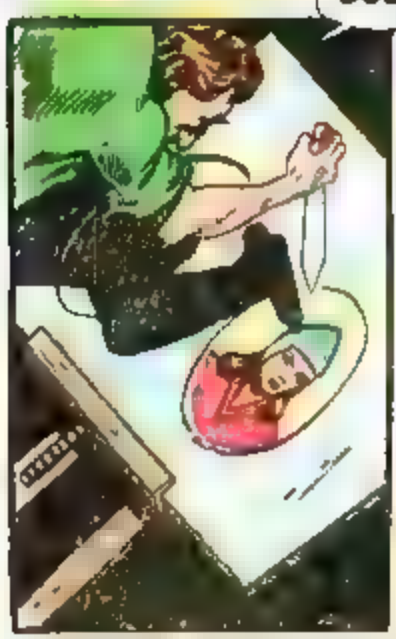
THAT'S STRANGE ABOUT SUSAN. I THOUGHT I TOLD HER TO WAIT FOR ME WELL GUESS I'LL FIND HER HOME!



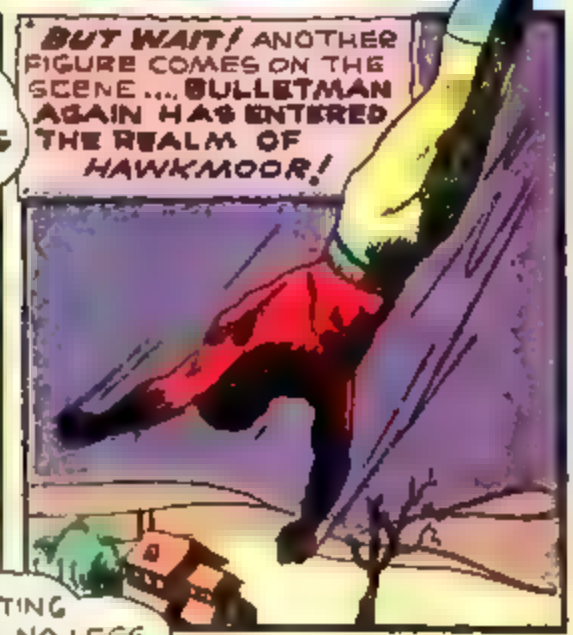
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SUSAN KENT? WHO IS THE **MYSTERIOUS HUNCHBACK.... AND HOW DOES HE KNOW THE SECRET OF *BULLETMAN* AND *BULLETGIRL*? WHY** DID HE KILL **HENRY ROBERTS?** WHAT CONNECTION DID THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE HAVE WITH THE MILLIONAIRE? LET'S TURN ONCE MORE TO A FAMILIAR, EERIE SPOT AND HAVE A GLANCE AT WHAT'S GOING ON...

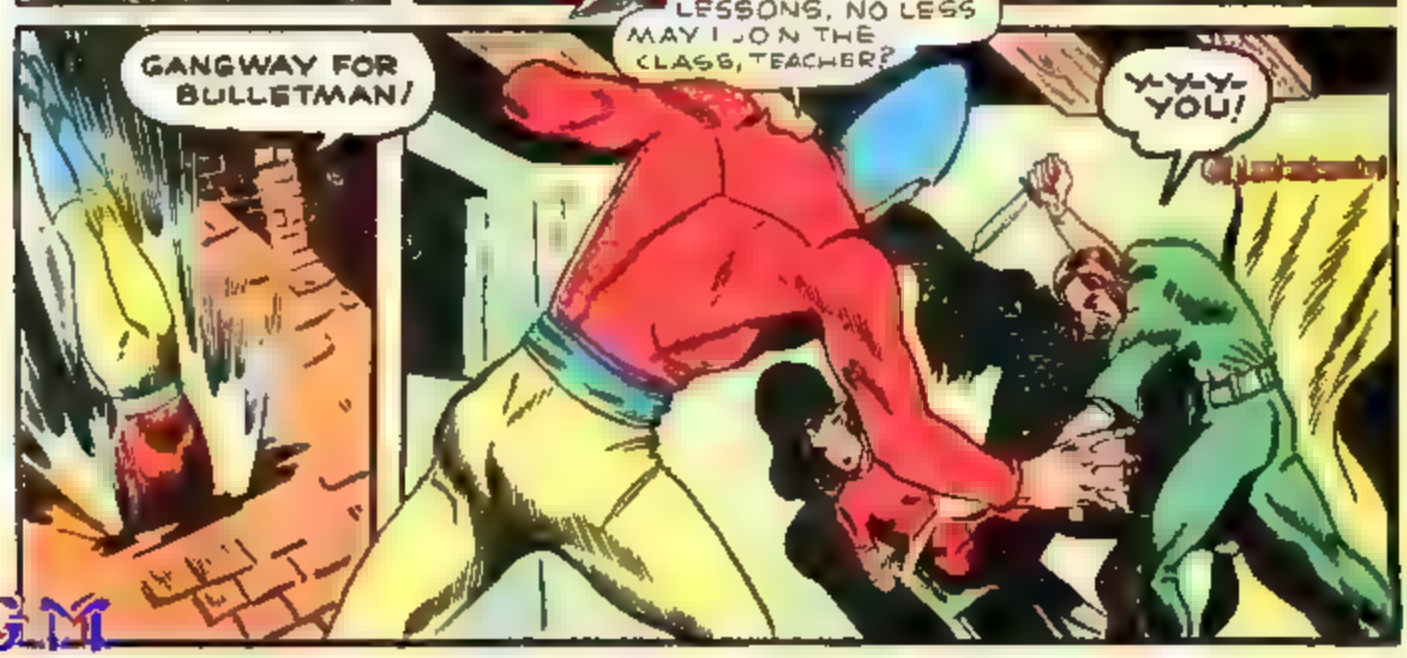


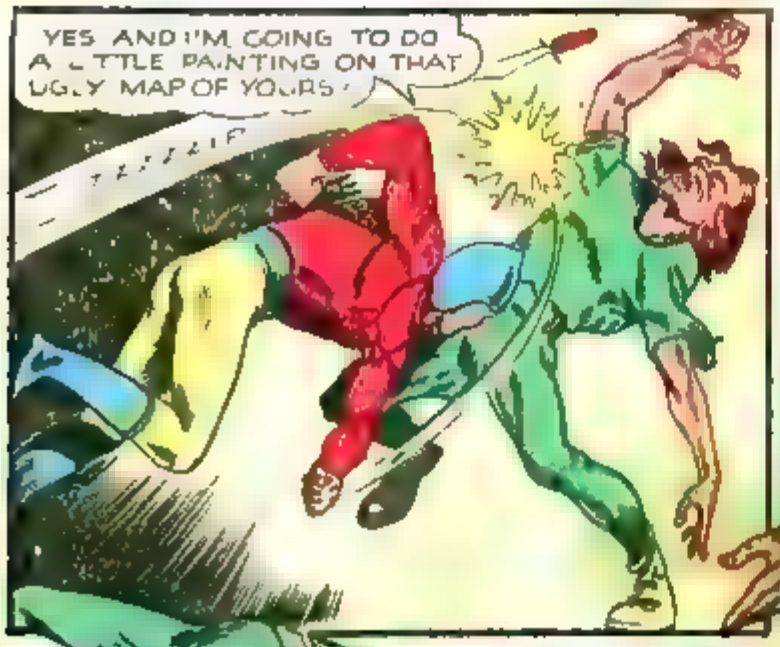

HA! AND NOW YOU SHALL SEE THE FATE I PLAN FOR YOU, SUSAN KENT. THIS SHALL BE MY REVENGE ON YOUR FATHER... ON BULLETMAN!
HEH HEH HEH! GAZE UPON MY DEATH GALLERY! ROBERTS, FIRST... HIS SNOOPING SECRETARY NEXT... AND NOW...
...AND NOW FOR BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!



SIMPLY THIS--- I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
WHA-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

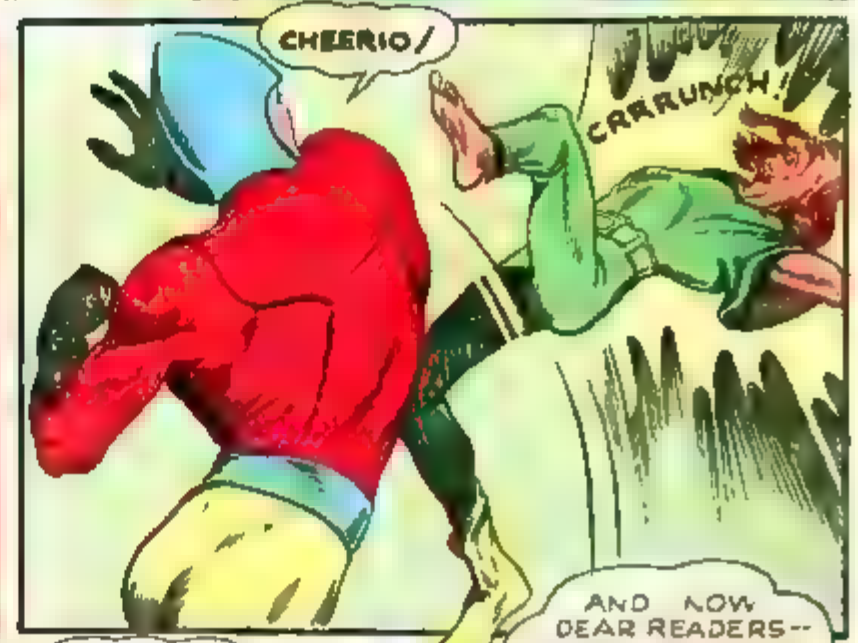

BUT WAIT! ANOTHER FIGURE COMES ON THE SCENE... BULLETMAN AGAIN HAS ENTERED THE REALM OF HAWKMOOR!

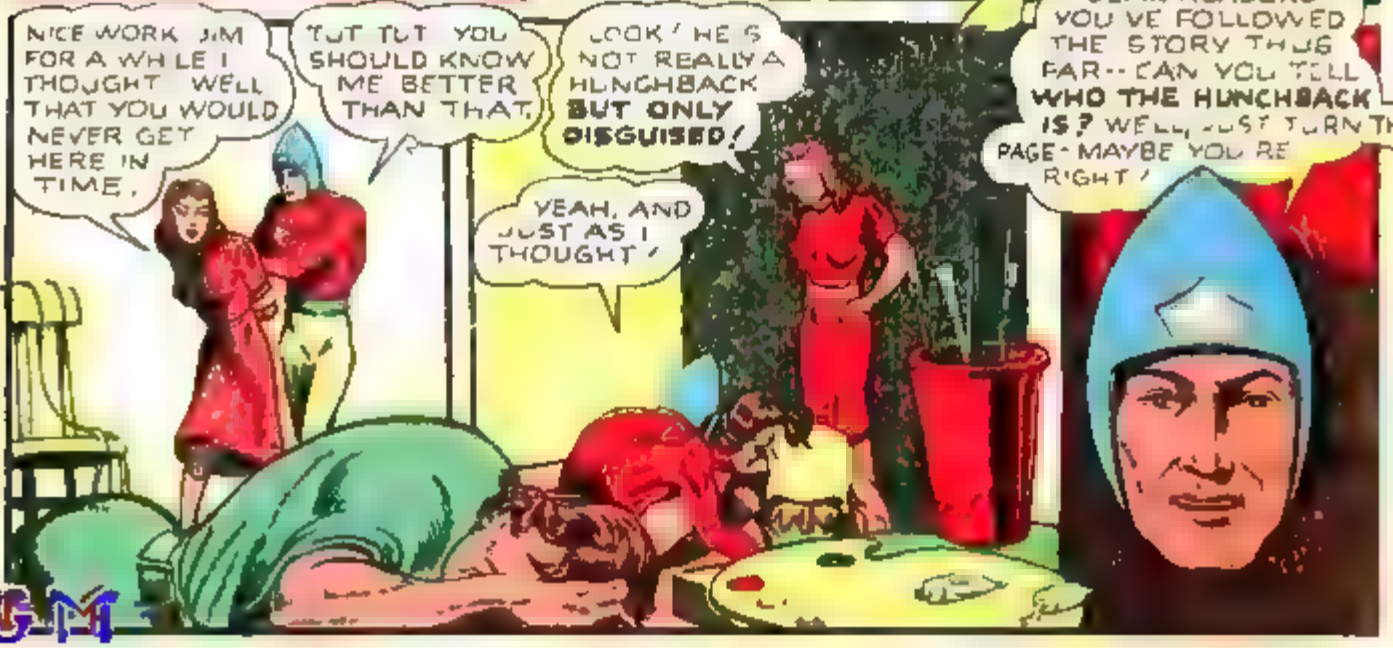

GANGWAY FOR BULLETMAN!
PAINTING LESSONS, NO LESS. MAY I JOIN THE CLASS, TEACHER?
Y-Y-Y-YOU!


YES AND I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE PAINTING ON THAT UGLY MAP OF YOURS!

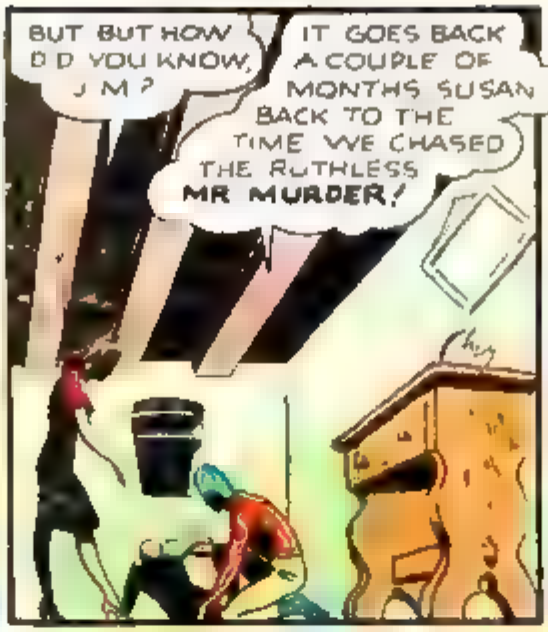
I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU, BULLETMAN— I TOLD YOU!
CRACK

YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST KILLING MISTER -- AND NOW--


CHEERIO!
CRRUNCH!


NICE WORK JIM FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT WELL THAT YOU WOULD NEVER GET HERE IN TIME.
TUT TUT YOU SHOULD KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT.
LOOK! HE'S NOT REALLY A HUNCHBACK BUT ONLY DISGUISED!
YEAH, AND JUST AS I THOUGHT!
AND NOW DEAR READERS-- YOU'VE FOLLOWED THE STORY THUS FAR-- CAN YOU TELL WHO THE HUNCHBACK IS? WELL, JUST TURN THE PAGE - MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!

IT'S MILLER.... HENRY ROBERTS' ACCOUNTANT AT THE BANK!


BUT BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW, J M?
IT GOES BACK A COUPLE OF MONTHS SUSAN BACK TO THE TIME WE CHASED THE RUTHLESS MR MURDER!

WELL MILLER HERE WAS ONE OF THE GANG THAT WORKED FOR MR. MURDER - HENCE, HE FOUND THE SECRET OF BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL.

THAT'S EASY BUT HOW ABOUT THE HUNCHBACK ROLE - AND THE MURDERS OF MISS LAKE AND MR ROBERTS -
AS AN ACCOUNTANT MILLER FOUND OUT THAT ROBERTS WAS MESSED UP IN AN EMBEZZLING RACKET - SO HE ASSUMED THE ROLE OF THE HUNCHBACK AND BLACKMAILED ROBERTS
HE THREATENED TO TELL THE POLICE THAT ROBERTS WAS AN EMBEZZLER, SO THE BANKER WAS BEING BLED OF FUNDS UNTIL HE GOT SO SICK OF IT HE TRIED TO DRAW A GUN ON THE HUNCHBACK AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, EH MILLER?
FOR A BRIEF INSTANCE, BULLETMAN LOOSENS HIS HOLD AND THE CRIMINAL BREAKS FOR THE DOOR
BUT YOU DON'T GET ME - I'LL TELL THE WORLD YOU'RE BULLETMAN, JIM BARR..
STOP HIM JIM!
IN HIS MAD RUSH FOR SAFETY MILLER FAILS TO SEE THE SHEER DROP BELOW.
I'LL TELL-- TEL- A CLIFF! I DIDN'T SEE-- HELP!
EEE!OOOW!
DOWN, DOWN DOWN GOES MILLER .. INTO BLACK OBLIVION!
WELL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES YOU DIDN'T GET TO PLAY THE PART OF BULLETGIRL SUSAN
BUT NEXT TIME I WON'T FAIL COME ON LET'S GET GOING AFTER MORE ADVENTURES!
READ THE EXCITING, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES OF BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL EACH MONTH IN MASTER COMICS!

SWORDS for TWO

by JUAN LOPEZ

Don Pablo Gorgo Was Very Sure of Killing the Young American in Single Combat — And He Might Have Succeeded But For Old Carlo . . .

"MUY BUENO, Senor —very good! You have struck me—I shall kill you!"

The quarrel had sprung up so quickly in the little cafe that hardly anyone had had time to turn and stare before one man had smote the other on the mouth. Now it was past mending—the insult, the blow, the challenge. Things happen like that in country villages of South America.

The man who spoke was tall, elegant in velvet trousers and short jacket, with a wide felt hat and a belt studded with silver disks. His face, flushed beneath its swarthy skin, was lean, bold-featured, with an upturned streak of black moustache. The lips, bloody from the other's knuckles, grinned without mirth. The deep-set eyes were windows through which murder stared out.

"I am Don Pablo Gorgo," went on the challenger. "A stranger here, but I will beg one of these senores to act as my second—"

"I am a stranger, too," retorted his enemy. "My name is Stacey Hughes. Duels aren't my country's way, but since you started this squabble by your insults, I'll finish it any way you like."

Stacey Hughes was a rugged young American in white clothes. You see many such in South America these days—official or unofficial "good will" tourists, making stronger the new bonds of friendship and alliance between the nations of the West. Stacey Hughes had been successful in his task so far—had done so well at building cordiality that he had considered himself deserving of a little side-trip to see what the country folk of Latin America were like. He hadn't expected to find them like this—sneering, spiteful, murderous.

Don Pablo Gorgo was speaking again: "You are the challenged party. Your choice of weapons—"

"Anything you like!" snapped Stacey. "Swords, pistols, tommy guns or fists."

"Then shall we say swords?" rejoined Gorgo, in a voice almost sweet. "Perhaps there are no dueling swords in this little community—but in my luggage upstairs I have a case of regulation blades—"

"Anything, anything," growled Stacey Hughes, and turned his back.

FROM AMONG the spectators two were chosen, solid community leaders. They agreed to act as seconds, and set the time for the meeting at dawn tomorrow. Across a coffee-table they began to discuss all details. Gorgo swaggered away to his apartments above the cafe. The landlord, fat and worried, spoke softly to Stacey Hughes:

"Alas, Don Stacey, that this should happen to you! A representative from the great northern republic—"

"It was at least half my doing," Stacey comforted him. "And it hasn't happened to me yet."

"You do not know this man's reputation," reminded the landlord. "I have heard of him. At least twice in the past year he has forced duels upon strangers—once in Brazil, once in Chile. Both Americans, like yourself. And each time he killed his adversary."

"Just like that?" Stacey grinned a trifle. He did not look frightened. "He's an expert swordsman, then?"

"Of that I have also heard. He knows at least one invincible stroke—that breaks the blade of his enemy, leaving the way open for a fatal thrust . . ."

A servant brought down the case of swords, laying it on the coffee-table between the seconds. Inside were three handsome weapons, with straight two-edged blades and silver-mounted hilts. The guards were curved, like those of sabers. With the permission of the seconds, Stacey picked up a sword and tried its balance.

"A good weapon," he said. "I'm willing to use these. Who will keep them until tomorrow?"

The landlord spoke again: "I have a suggestion. In my kitchen is an old man, Carlo, who helps the cook and sometimes does the marketing. He is not of the most brilliant," and a fat finger tapped the landlord's brow, "but for that reason he is as honest as a holy saint. Let him take the case to his little room, keeping it locked. Agreed?"

All agreed. The case of swords was handed over to a shabby, grizzled little fellow

summoned from the rear of the building. Stacey Hughes sought his room, and slept well. He was not the sort of man who worried himself sick immediately before a life-and-death crisis.

OLD CARLO SAT on the cot in his room, and upon his thin knees lay the sword case, open.

His slender hands touched the blades, the hilts, the guards. One by one he lifted the swords. They were alike in size, in weight, in make. Bending over a hilt in the lamplight, he studied the workmanship—it was skillful and expensive. Such a sword was fit for a general, a president. Old Carlo next felt the keen edges, tried the points on his forefinger. The steel was bright, probably of perfect temper. He tried one sword, by holding hilt and point and bending the blade.

He shook his head in disapproval. Not much spring or suppleness. For all their glitter, those blades were ordinary—cheap, even. Why?

Again he studied the hilts. Yes, there were signs that there had been mendings and substitutions—other blades removed and new ones put in. No wonder. Such brittle steel must break often. Carlo felt puzzled for a moment. Then he saw something that removed the puzzlement from his grizzled head, which the landlord described as "not of the most brilliant."

In each hilt, at a point close to the base of the blade, was a narrow, deep crevice in the heavy metal, hard to see at first.

Next morning, at dawn, the two duellists met. Don Pablo Gorgo offered Stacey Hughes first choice of weapons. There was a crossing of steel, a clatter and scrape. Twice Gorgo parried Stacey's attacks, in a strange manner, close to his sword. Each time he cursed and quavered. On his third attempt the American ran Gorgo neatly through his velvet-clad shoulder, and the duel was over.

IT WAS HOT, high noon. Old Carlo, resting briefly in his little apartment, looked up as the door was shoved roughly open. Before him stood Don Pablo Gorgo, his left arm in a sling, his right hand holding one of the swords. The vanquished duellist glared as though he meant to kill the old man.

"Senor?" prompted Carlo gently. "May I serve you?"

"You have ten words in which to explain," snarled the other. He thrust the sword, hilt foremost at Carlo. "How did you tamper with my weapons? And why?"

Carlo took the weapon, eyed it wisely, then met the gaze of his accuser. "Tamper? Yes, senor, you may call it that."

"You admit it, then? Explain, I say, before you die!" And Gorgo's uninjured hand crept inside his jacket, closing over something hidden.

"Like others, I have heard of your skill, Don Pablo," the old fellow said in a patient manner. "A strange trick, yours, of breaking an enemy's steel. But when you adroitly managed to have your own swords used, I saw the beginning of the solution."

"*Mono!*" grated Gorgo. "Ape! You suggest that I cheated with the swords when that American had first choice—"

"Of course, for all swords were alike," agreed Carlo. "The little niche in the hilt was your secret—that and the skill, easily achieved, of catching the opponent's edge there and breaking his sword."

"You dare accuse—" Gorgo's voice rose almost to a scream, and, in his rage, there crept a harsh, throaty accent into his Spanish. Carlo suddenly drew himself up and silenced the outburst with a gesture.

"You gave yourself away further, with that gutteral tongue. I know you for no Latin-American, but a foreigner—one of those called Nazis."

Gorgo was suddenly mute with amazement. Carlo went on:

"It completes the picture. Senor Stacey Hughes gives your masters too much trouble, with his strengthening of friendship between his nation and these in the south, where Nazis hope to build up power of their own. And you thought to kill him like an ox, as you killed others. But I tampered as you say." He held up the sword. "See, Nazi! I filled this crevice, and those on the other swords, with clay, hardening it in the flame of my lamp, so that no steel would be caught there—"

"You shall die for that!"

Gorgo's hand, on the pistol beneath his jacket, was quick; but Carlo's hand, on the sword, was quicker. The pistol flashed into view, but before Gorgo could aim it, Carlo had thrust him skillfully through the center of the chest. Gorgo fell like a tree beneath the axe. His hand dropped the gun, clawed at the sword which transfixed him, closed convulsively around the hilt; then the velvet-garbed figure went limp in death.

Carlo studied the corpse wisely. "That is lucky. He is in the attitude of one who has stabbed himself with his own sword. Perhaps those outside will find it hard to believe that he came into my little cell to commit suicide—but if I say as much, who will disbelieve? Am I not stupid old Carlo, who has not the wit to be dishonest?"

He laughed, and stroked his hair, which was gray only because of the skillful use of dye. The motion made his worn shirt gape for a moment over his chest. Had Don Pablo Gorgo been able to see, he would have spied something hanging on Carlo's chest like a locket or amulet—the badge of the American Secret Service.

But Don Pablo Gorgo was not able to see, or speak, or move. His duelling days were over.

The End

GM

BULLETMAN
CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS, AND A PIRATE TREASURE! THAT ALONE IS ENOUGH TO TEMPT ANY MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE THE RED BLOOD OF ADVENTURE SURGING THROUGH HIS VEINS..... BUT BULLETMAN GOES ALONG FOR ANOTHER REASON .... TO TRAIL THE DREADED BLACK RAT, SHUDDERING MENACE OF THE UNDERWORLD. SO FOLLOW US ON THIS MAD SAIL TO MYSTERY ISLAND WHERE ANY-THING CAN HAPPEN..... AND DOES!!
A VERY UNUSUAL, BUT INTERESTING NOTICE APPEARS IN THE EVENING PAPER.
THE GOOD SHIP "FATE" IS SAILING TOMORROW FOR MYSTERY ISLAND. EXPERIENCED, UNAFRAID, SAILORS WANTED. PG IF YOU HAVE ANY SERIOUS INTENTIONS FOR LIVING... DON'T BOTHER TO APPLY. CAPTAIN GLUME. 13 DOCK ST.

HERE THEY ARE, SIR! THE TOUGHEST BUNCH OF CROOKS THAT EVER SAILED SALT WATER

HMM-- AND WELL DO THEY APPEAR TO BE SHOW THEM BELOW, CAPTAIN-- WHILE I EXAMINE THEIR PAPERS

YOU, THERE! STEP OVER HERE A MOMENT

YA-- ME? VOT FOR?

YEAH-YOU! AND SNAP INTO IT!

WELL, I... ER

WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHAT DID YOU DO?

AH--NEVER MIND QUESTIONING HIM, MR. WOOD. HE CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH VERY WELL. I'LL SHOW YOU HIS RECORD!

HE'S A BIG'N, MR WOOD, A RIGHT GOOD SALT HE'S.

HMM --ER.-- HIS RECORD. MAY I EXAMINE IT?

AS YOU SEE, SIR HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER, ROBBERY AND A PETTY THEVERY ALSO THEY SAY HE'S CUT UP THIRTY MEN WITH A BOWIE KNIFE

OKAY-- HE'LL DO!

AND HERE'S McKEEFE--- KILLED HIS WIFE AND HER TWO BROTHERS--- SCORCSON IS WANTED IN EIGHT NATIONS PITELLI---THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR THAT MURDEROUS TRAITOR..

GOOD ENOUGH, CAPTAIN. SET SAIL IMMEDIATELY!

THEY TELL ME THAT MYSTERY ISLAND IS A TRAP, CAPTAIN, BUT WITH THESE MEN, IT OUGHT TO BE A CINCH TO GET THE TREASURE.

ER.. I CAN'T SAY, SIR. MANY STRANGE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED AT MYSTERY ISLAND... AND NOBODY HAS EVER COME BACK ALIVE THAT LANDED THERE.

GM

THAT NIGHT, THE "GOOD SHIP" *FATE* STARTS HER VOYAGE AND STRANGER A VOYAGE HAS SELDOM BEEN MADE *EVERY* MEMBER OF THE CREW IS A MURDERER AT HEART... AND THE *FATE'S* DESTINATION IS THE UNBELIEVABLE *MYSTERY ISLAND!*

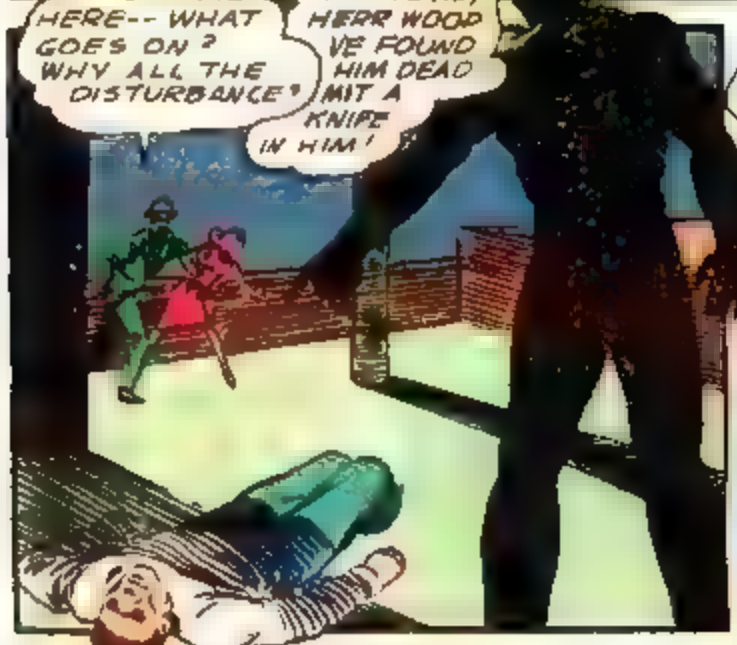
BUT UNKNOWN BY ALL, ANOTHER FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY ABOARD THE SHIP. THE FIGURE HAS WAITED UNTIL THE SHIP IS WELL OUT TO SEA..... FOR IF HIS PRESENCE WERE KNOWN, EVEN THE TOUGHEST AND HARDEST OF MEN WOULD MUTINY...

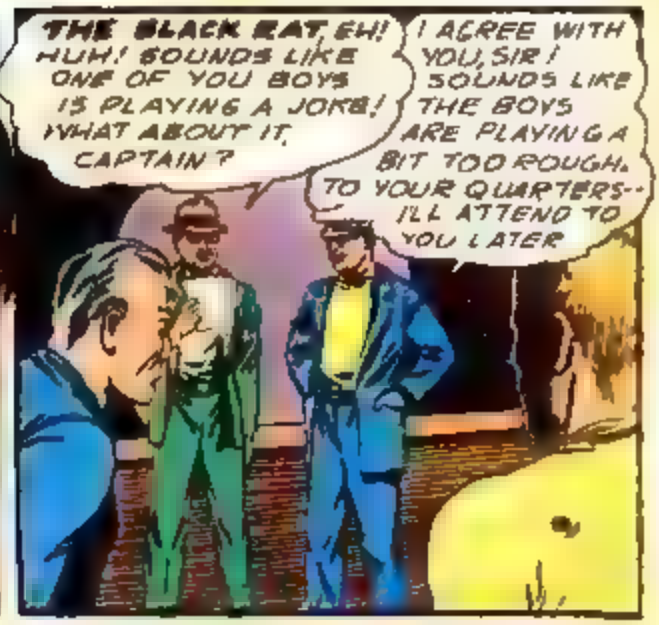
.....FOR IT IS THE BLACK RAT! HE, TOO, IS INTERESTED IN TREASURE AND HIS UNWELCOME PRESENCE ABOARD WILL EVENTUALLY CAUSE PLENTY OF DISTURBANCE TO UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS...

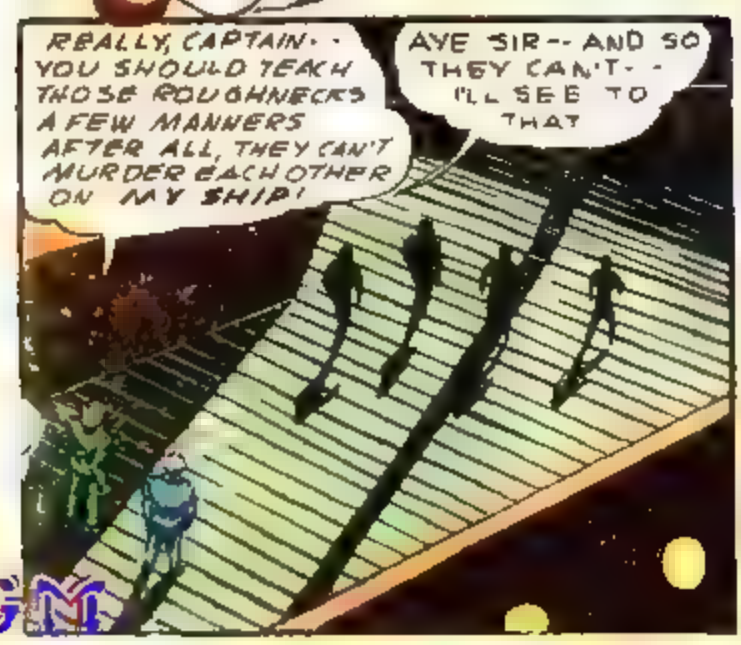
LOOK! IT IS PETIE!
YEAH! SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

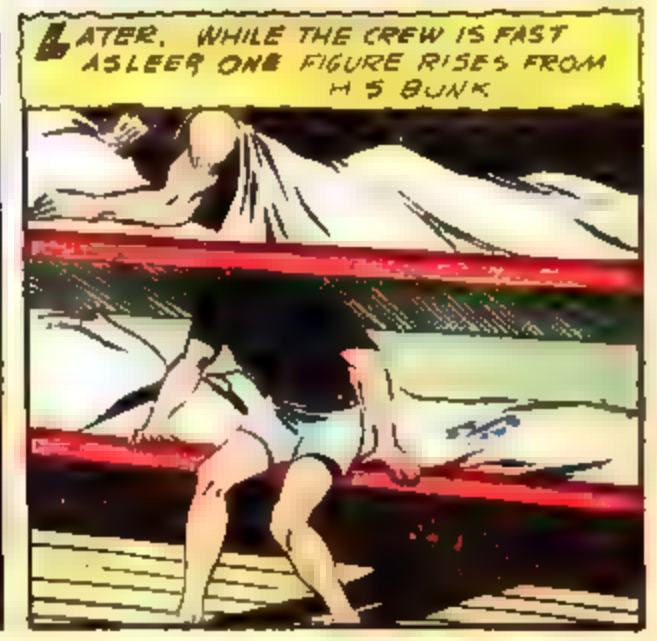
HIMMEL! PETIE IS DEAD! UND THERE'S A NOTE ON HIS CHEST!
WHAT IS IT, FRITZ? SEE WHAT THE NOTE SEZ!

HIMMEL! THE BLACK RAT IS ABOARD!
COMPLIMENTS OF THE BLACK RAT


HERE-- WHAT GOES ON? WHY ALL THE DISTURBANCE?
IT IS PETIE, HERR WOOD VE FOUND HIM DEAD MIT A KNIFE IN HIM!


THE BLACK RAT, EH! HUH! SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF YOU BOYS IS PLAYING A JOKE! WHAT ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN?
I AGREE WITH YOU, SIR! SOUNDS LIKE THE BOYS ARE PLAYING A BIT TOO ROUGH. TO YOUR QUARTERS-- I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER

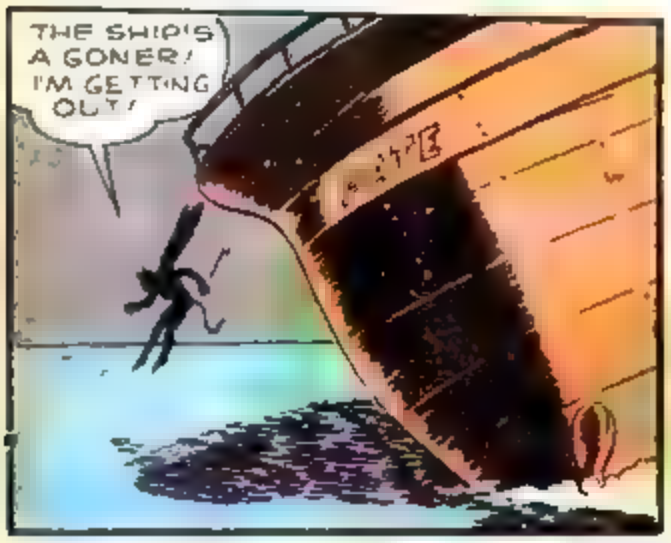

REALLY, CAPTAIN-- YOU SHOULD TEACH THOSE ROUGHNECKS A FEW MANNERS AFTER ALL, THEY CAN'T MURDER EACH OTHER ON MY SHIP!
AYE SIR-- AND SO THEY CAN'T-- I'LL SEE TO THAT

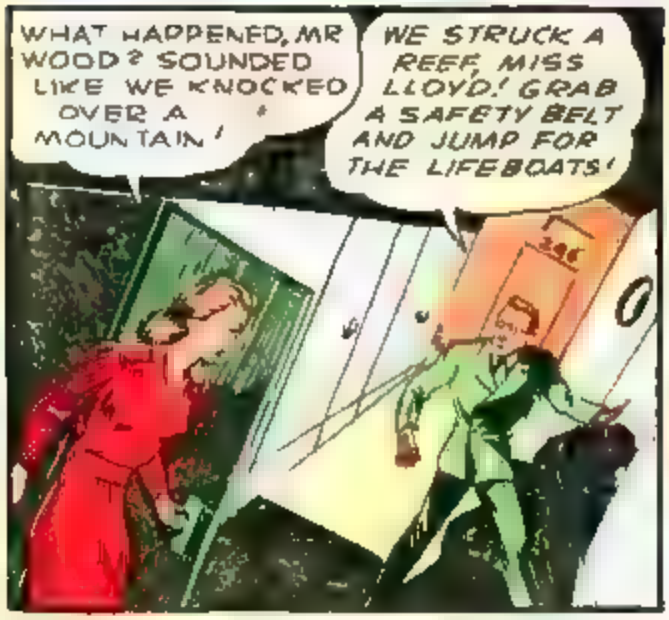

LATER, WHILE THE CREW IS FAST ASLEEP ONE FIGURE RISES FROM HIS BUNK

IT'S THE BIG GERMAN, FRITZ, AND HE STEPS LITHELY OUT FROM THE REST.
AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE TAKES THE PLACE OF JIM BARR... BULLETMAN!
AMAZINGLY THE BIG GERMAN STRIPS OFF A FALSE FACE HE IS WEARING AND----
--- PROVES TO BE JIM BARR IN DISGUISE!
WELL IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY TOOK CONTROL OF THIS DEATH SHIP!
OKAY--LET'S SEE THE BLACK RAT COME OUT OF HIS HOLE TONIGHT!
HMM... ALL QUIET TONIGHT MAYBE THE BLACK RAT WANTS TO BE PEACEFUL
BUT BULLETMAN'S KEEN EYES TAKE IN A STRANGE SCENE
HMMMM-- I WAS WRONG! THE BLACK RAT IS ON THE PROWL!
A NOISE-- ...WHO--- WHO'S THERE?

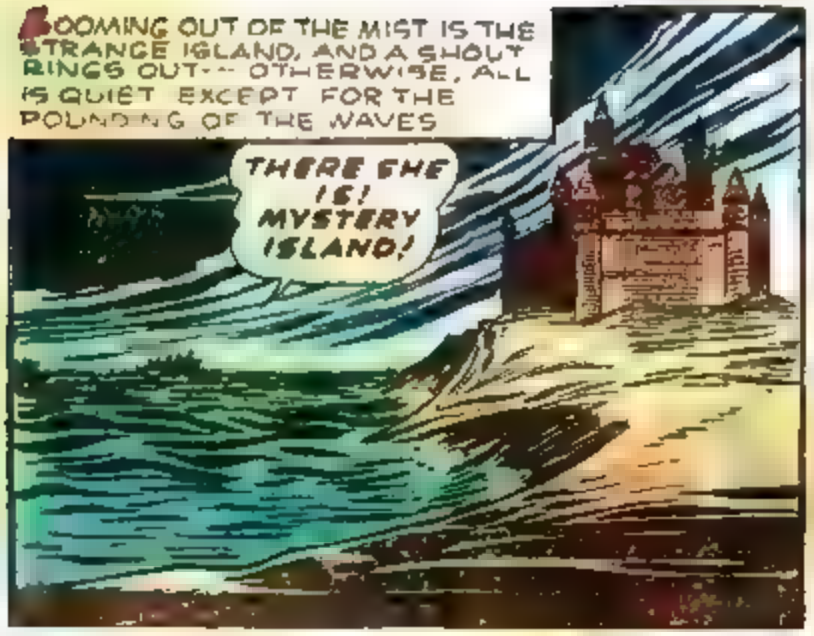
BUT THE FIGHT IS SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN, FOR THE FREIGHTER SMASHES UP AGAINST A HIDDEN REEF

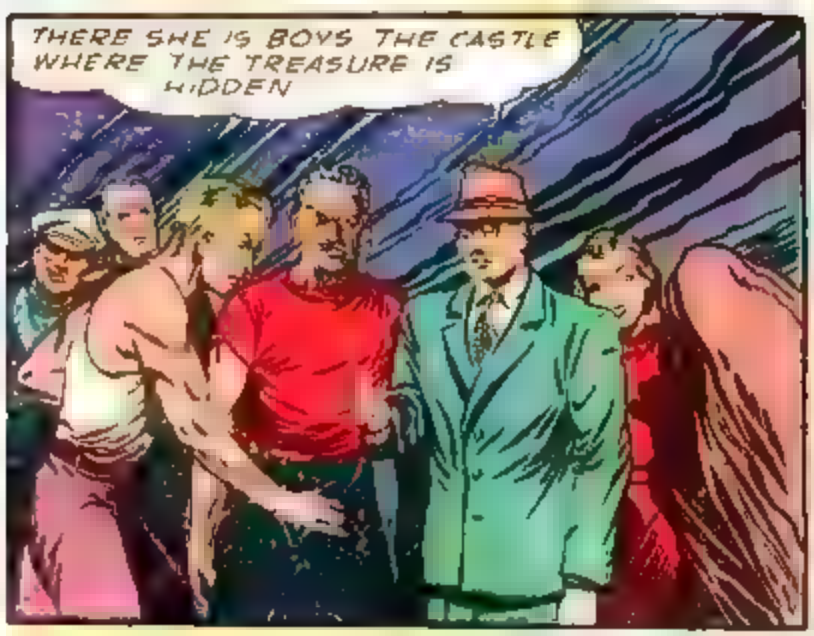
And LIKE THE CORNERED RAT HE IS, THE ARCH-VILLAIN LEAPS FORTH INTO THE COLD, DARK WATERS..

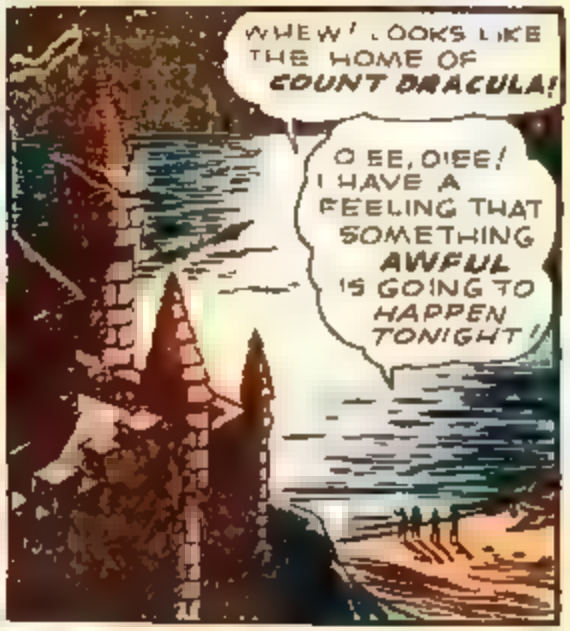




WITHIN BRIEF MOMENTS, THE LIFE-BOATS ARE LOWERED, AND ALL ARE ABOARD EXCEPT ONE ...

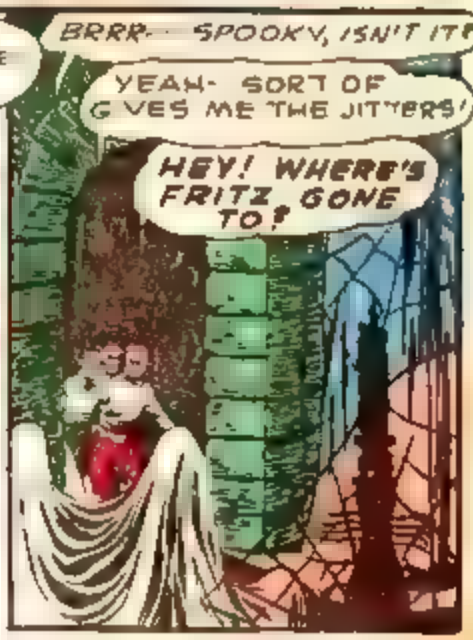

BOOMING OUT OF THE MIST IS THE STRANGE ISLAND, AND A SHOUT RINGS OUT-- OTHERWISE, ALL IS QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE POUNDING OF THE WAVES
THERE SHE IS! MYSTERY ISLAND!


THERE SHE IS BOYS THE CASTLE WHERE THE TREASURE IS HIDDEN


WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THE HOME OF COUNT DRACULA!
O EE, O EE! I HAVE A FEELING THAT SOMETHING AWFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN TONIGHT!

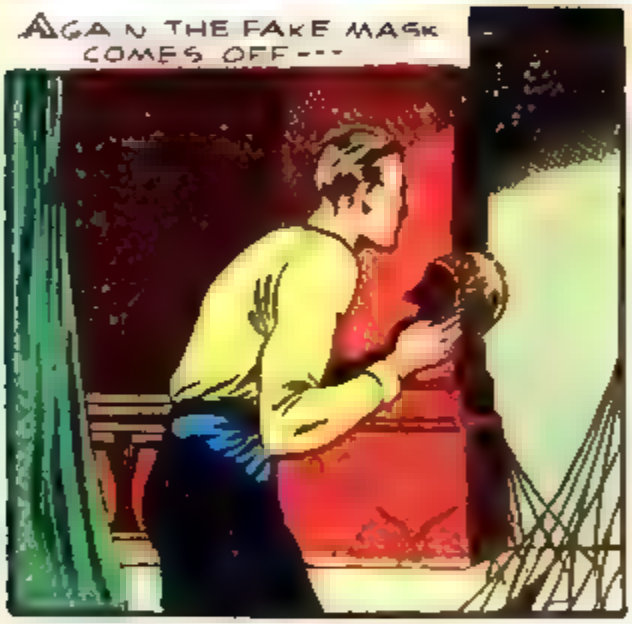
UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, A DRENCHED FIGURE CRAWLS SLOWLY FROM THE WATERS. UP TO NOW HE HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN... BUT ONLY UP TO NOW!

BLUNDERING IDIOTS! I'LL LET THEM FIND THE TREASURE THEN I'LL TAKE OVER! THE BLACK RAT WILL MAKE HIS BID TONIGHT!

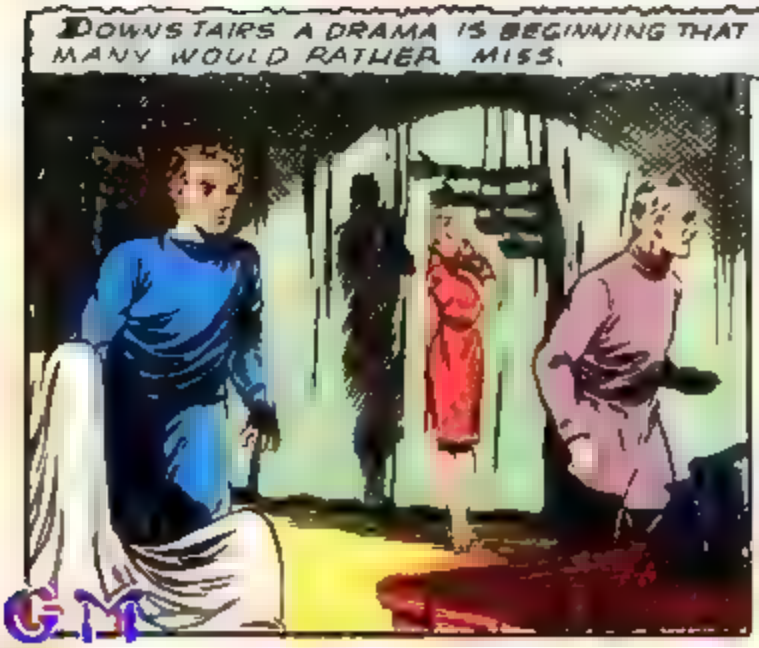

BRRR-- SPOOKY, ISN'T IT?
YEAH- SORT OF GIVES ME THE JITTERS!
HEY! WHERE'S FRITZ GONE TO?

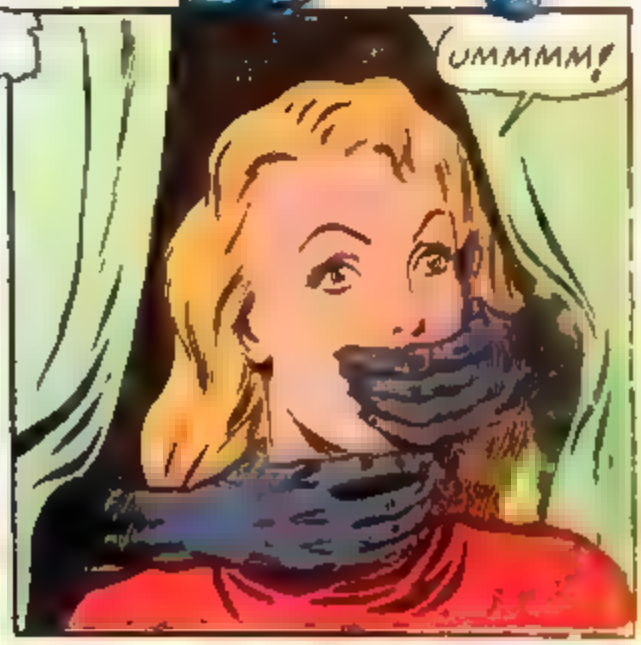
FRITZ! HEY, FRITZ!
LET HIM GO -- HE'S PROBABLY GOT HIS DUTCH NOSE SNOOPING AROUND SOMEWHERE!

While UP STAIRS, FRITZ SUDDENLY COMES TO A HALT
GOOD! AND NOW THAT I'M ALONE..


AGAIN THE FAKE MASK COMES OFF---

AND ONCE AGAIN, MIGHTY BULLETMAN APPEARS!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT MURDER LURKS ALL OVER THIS PLACE---- AND BULLETMAN'S GOING TO MAKE A PLAY TO PREVENT IT!

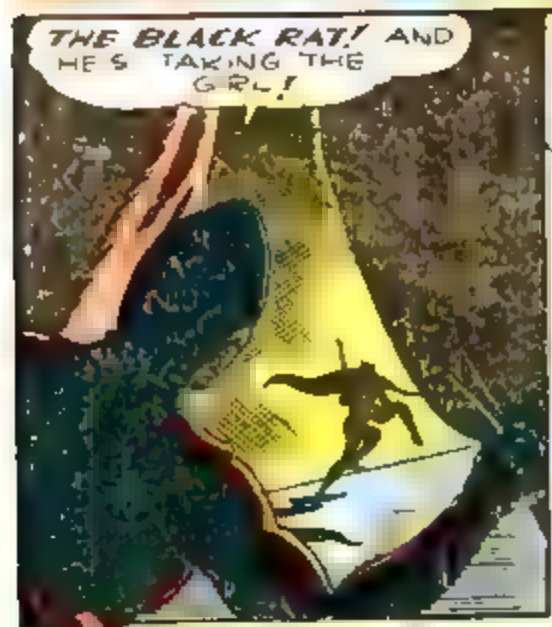

DOWNSTAIRS A DRAMA IS BEGINNING THAT MANY WOULD RATHER MISS.


UMMMM!

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO MISS LLOYD?
SHE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!

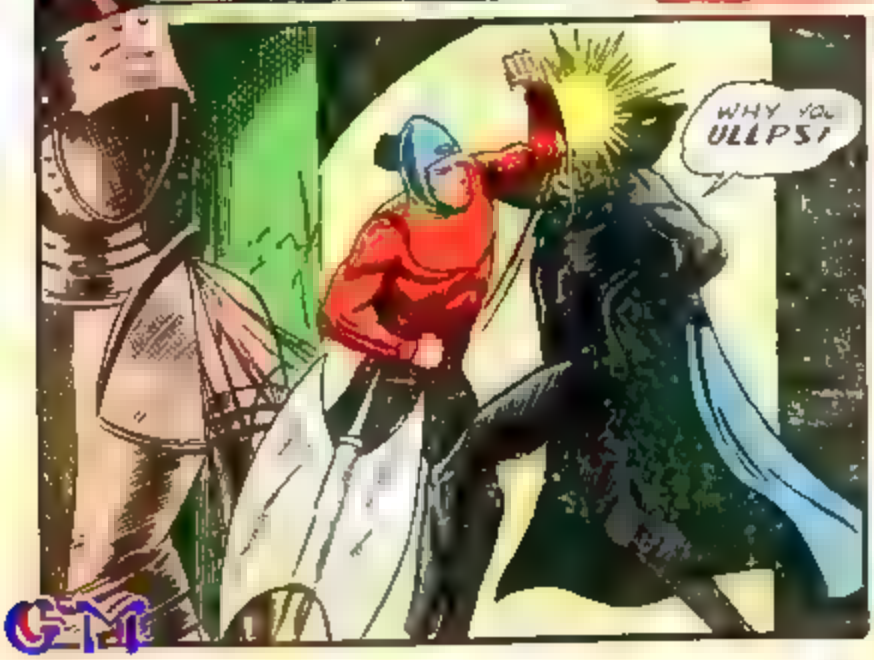
FIRST ITS FRITZIE WHO DISAPPEARS THEN THE GIRL AAAGH!
GHOSTS I TELL YOU! GHOSTS ARE ALL AROUND US!

OUT OF THE SHADOWS STREAKS BULLETMAN! HE ALONE HAS SEEN THE DRAMA BEHIND THE CURTAINS!
GANGWAY! HERE COMES BULLETMAN!
GEEZ! AND I THOUGHT THAT GUY WAS ONLY IN STORIES!

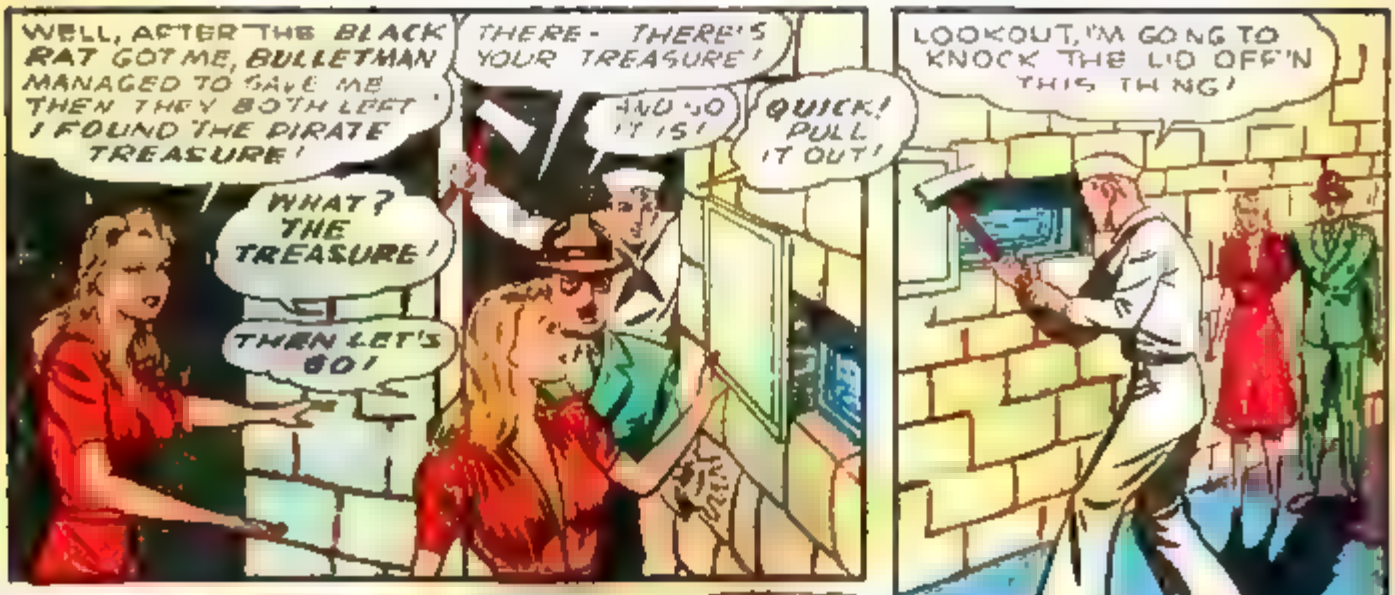

THE BLACK RAT! AND HE'S TAKING THE GIRL!

THE LITTLE FOOL HAS FAINTED! MUCH BETTER--SHE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW SHE DIED! HAH, HAH, HAH! ANOTHER ONE TO DIE!

SLOW DOWN, LAUGHING BOY!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BULLETMAN--- I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

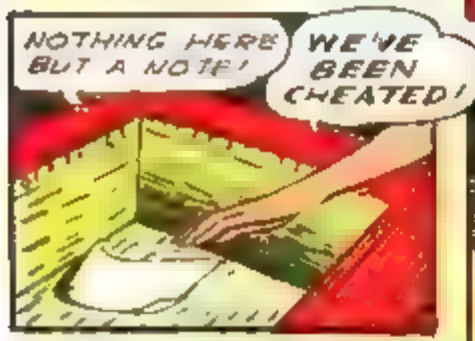

WHY YOU ULLPS!

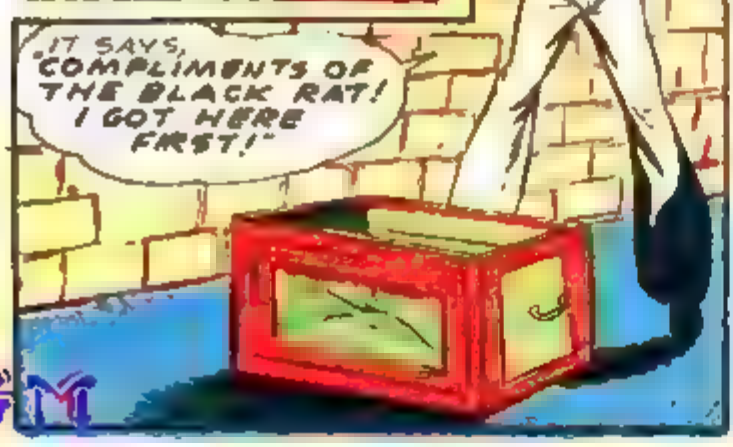
The DEADLY BATTLE AXE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, BUT IS DEFLECTED BY THE STRONG GRAVITY HELMET
CLANG!
SO LONG, BULLETMAN! I'LL BE BACK TO EVEN THE SCORE!
YEAH— WELL, I BELIEVE IN SETTLING RIGHT NOW!
BULLETMAN!
???
LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A FIGHT WITH THE DRAPES!
BUT BUT THE BLACK RAT JUST CAME THROUGH THERE BEFORE ME!
SORRY, BULLETMAN BUT WE SAW NO BLACK RAT!
AN' IF WE DID-- I DON'T THINK YOU'D FIND US HERE NOW!
HMM-- SO NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM, EH?
WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!
THERE'S WHERE HE GOT TO! THE BLACK RAT HAS SCURRIED TO HIS HOLE!
MISS LLOYD! WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
NOW THE DAME'S BACK AGAIN! I'M GOING NUTS IF THINGS DON'T STRAIGHTEN UP SOON!


WELL, AFTER THE BLACK RAT GOT ME, BULLETMAN MANAGED TO SAVE ME THEN THEY BOTH LEFT I FOUND THE PIRATE TREASURE!
WHAT? THE TREASURE!
THEN LET'S GO!
THERE - THERE'S YOUR TREASURE!
AND SO IT IS!
QUICK! PULL IT OUT!
LOOKOUT, I'M GONG TO KNOCK THE LID OFF'N THIS TH NG!

THE ANCIENT BOX GIVES WAY.....
CRUNCH!

EEEEEE! A MOUSE!
THAT AIN'T NO MOUSE, LADY- IT'S A RAT!


NOTHING HERE BUT A NOTE!
WE'VE BEEN CHEATED!


IT SAYS, "COMPLIMENTS OF THE BLACK RAT! I GOT HERE FIRST!"

BUT BEFORE THE RANGERS HEARTS CAN CRY OUT FOR REVENGE, A TREMENDOUS BLAST SHAKES MYSTERY ISLAND!
SCRAM! WE'VE BEEN HIT BY AN EARTHQUAKE!
BOOOM!

BUT IT'S NOT AN EARTHQUAKE. OUTSIDE, THE BLACK RAT HAS JUST SET OFF A TREMENDOUS STORE OF DYNAMITE, TEARING THE ANCIENT CASTLE TO BITS!
HA, HA, HA! I'VE GOT THE JEWELS AND NOW THE FOOLS WILL DIE! BULLETMAN TOO!
USUALLY, THE RESULTS OF THE BLAST WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL, BUT WITH MIGHTY BULLETMAN ON HAND, EVERY SINGLE LIFE IS SAVED.
ALL CLEAR? SHE'S FALLING!
KABOOM!
HOLY COW! AND TO THINK THAT WE MIGHT'VE BEEN IN THERE!
THANKS TO BULLETMAN... WE WEREN'T!
BULLETMAN--- LOOK! THERE GOES THE BLACK RAT!
WAIT HERE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
FASTER AND FASTER---- BULLETMAN ZOOMS THROUGH THE AIR.

BULLETMAN!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, BULLETMAN! NO MAN WILL EVER CAPTURE THE BLACK RAT!
TELL IT TO THE MARINES!
OOOF!
SWACK!
NO, NO! AAAAAAYE!
THE JEWELS, MAN? WHERE ARE THE JEWELS?
SORRY, GENTLEMEN-- BUT THE TREASURE NOW RESTS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN
A MILLION DOLLARS GONE TO WASTE!
AND I WON'T TAKE TIME TO SAIL HOME WITH YOU--- I'M TAKING "AIR EXPRESS" BACK.
NEXT DAY...
BUT, JIM, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?
I...ER...DREAMED I WENT SAILING-- SAILING AFTER PIRATE GOLD!
NEWS
INFAMOUS CRIMINAL KILLED!
IDENTITY REMAINS A MYSTERY; IN A THRILLING BATTLE AT MYSTERY ISLAND BLACK RAT MET HIS DOOM AT SEA. THIS AFTERWARDS BANDIT HAS NEVER YET BEEN LOCATED.
MAYBE THE BLACK RAT IS DEAD--AND MAYBE HE ISN'T. IF NOT, HE'LL CERTAINLY BE BACK IN MASTER COMICS TO GET REVENGE ON BULLETMAN..... AND WE HAVE A FEELING THAT HE WILL RETURN!
SO WATCH FOR HIM IN
MASTER COMICS

Absolutely FREE!

Special to the readers of BULLETMAN

WINGS OF VICTORY

Official U. S. Army Air Corps and U. S. Navy Planes (Courtesy Associated Features Syndicate)

New for the first time ever, ABSOLUTELY FREE, we will ship to you a complete series of "WINGS OF VICTORY" twenty of America's latest and most recent developed planes printed in color. These magnificent and educational pictures can be used in the COMICSCOPE and can be projected in almost life size and color on any wall or flat surface. See the latest developments in air defense style and design of planes now being used by the U. S. Army and Navy!

But a real projector. Actual size 3" x 3" x 3". Operates AC, DC Current

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, Pat. Pat.

The COMICSCOPE is a camera projector that measures seven inches long seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical outlet either AC or DC current it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic strips, comic magazines, daily and Sunday newspapers can be used for "film" in the Comicscope, and can be flashed in their exact color on any wall or flat surface. You can draw your own pictures and project them. Now you can take your own "Hollywood" screen tests by projecting your own or your family snapshots. There is nothing else to buy. No coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture shows, charge admission, make money.

Douglas Fly YO-31
Hell Diver SBC4
Grumman F2F-1
Martin Marauder
Grumman XF5F
Flying Fortress
Douglas B-18A
Dive Bomber
Curtiss Hawk
Interceptor
Marsh JL6
Aeronaut
Fokker D7
Stinson
Hawker
Explorer
Spitfire
Fokker
Orlando
Seed

SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMICS IN FULL COLOR!

HOW TO GET YOUR "WINGS OF VICTORY" ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting out the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail it together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three-cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you receive absolutely free twenty pictures WINGS OF VICTORY together with the Giant Camera COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included—COMICSCOPE—tube and lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly!

MAIL TODAY ~ DON'T DELAY ★

COMICSCOPE CO. OF AMERICA
Dept. BM 225 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please rush me at once the twenty pictures of the Official U. S. Army and Navy Planes "Wings of Victory" absolutely free, and one COMICSCOPE camera projector, for which I enclose twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three-cent stamp for handling and shipping.

Name.....
PRINT CLEARLY

Address.....

City..... State.....

Offer Good in U. S. A. only. In Canada 5 cents extra.

Not necessary to send coupon—a facsimile will do.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK for only $1.00 EXTRA

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome Walnut grain, finished with rich Burgundy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar ($1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THIS GREAT COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

How easy it is to pay for this combination of desk and Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter! Just imagine, a small good will deposit with terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once! You will never miss 10c a day. Yet this small sum can actually make you immediately the possessor of this amazing office-at home combination. You assume no obligations by sending the coupon.

THESE TWO EXTRAS FOR YOU

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a sturdy, beautiful carrying case which rivals in beauty and utility the most attractive luggage you can buy.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key and shift lock; two color ribbon and automatic ribbon reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide. There are also extra features like the card writing attachment, black key cards and white letters, touch regulator, rubber cushioned feet. These make typing on a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable a distinct pleasure. Thousands of families now using the Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable know from experience how [illegible] it is!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 4251 R
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to [illegible] free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless [illegible]able, including Carrying Case and Free 44-page Touch Method Instruction Book. Also about your 10c a day plan. Send Catalogue.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....